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Gift of Charles Perry





Freshman Year

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“As through a glass darkly”

I believe that we spent almost as much time as 1907 in preparing for their Sophomore play. We had to write songs in their praise, and in those days we wrote many; we had to vote upon them, and in those days we voted by ballot; we had to learn to sing them, and in those days we tried to master tunes and did memorise words. We rushed to Pennocks', hurried to the garret to root out best bib and tucker—we were very busy.

At last 1907 introduced us to college dramatics. Be it said that all of us promptly fell in love with “The Good-Natured Man” and with the rickety gym. stage, and that our affection for both has never wavered. How could we help adoring Eunice Schenck's doleful countenance and dismal platitudes, Alice Gerstenberg's wifely sarcasm and insistent good-humour, Gertrude Hill's excellent acting and stunning appearance. The gay costumes, the picturesque garden, the rosy bower, all delighted our childish souls.

We were further excited by our responsibilities. To sing so that our glorious sentiments might be heard in spite of the gallery, (1905!!!) such was our Herculean task. We thought our Glee Club quintette equal to the occasion (especially if urged on by Cal). Alas, we are older and wiser now, so wise that we prefer a chorus of discord to a few dulcet voices, raised in unison, so old that we speak of the “Good-Natured Man” as one of the most pleasant happenings of the days “when we were young.”

ALICE SACHS.

Senior Reception

1905-1908

In October of 1904, 1905 gave us our first college reception in the Owl Hall of Rockefeller.

We arrived or were taken in all lengths of best evening frocks—and some of us in gloves!—to a bower never equalled by the pallid effects in the gym. Autumn foliage bid the yellow newness of Rock. and tiny red bulbs everywhere twinkled a jovial 1905 welcome. Patiently we conversed with strange beings to whom our only link was the pasteboard tags they wore, and joyously we ate basketfuls of doughnuts and apples and drank much cider.

But all this paled before the “stunts” on the stair-landing where Freddie Lefevre reigned as a Spanish dancer, while Peggy Ayer hung devotedly over the bannisters. But the hits, the very palpable hits, so far as the Freshmen were concerned, came when 1905 sat on the steps and sang. Individually impressive, as a body in evening dress they were invincible. Then began the bloodless slaughter that left each of us prostrate before some haughty divinity. It was a great night for Freshmen. We were elated not only by the glory of our hostesses but by the sense of our own nascent cleverness. For when we rose to sing our class song, no “Hail to thee, Alma Mater!” sounded (in the words of “a green freshman” alias E. M.) but our own bona fide “In praise of thee, oh 1908” was shouted uncertainly, on many keys, but still triumphantly. That was 1908’s moment. What mattered our long practising of “Hail to thee,” or our hasty piratical class meeting at six, back of Radnor? The triumph was ours, we had outwitted the wits.

Like good sports, they forgave us; and it was well for it needed united strength to withstand the dread revelations made in chapel Monday morning. Grape stains defiled the bridal newness of Rock.! No more class receptions to be held in the halls of residence was the edict of the office. Thus passed the first and the last Senior reception that was a thing of beauty.

MAYONE LEWIS.

Lantern Night

We can never forget our Lantern Night. An unseasonable snowfall had begun in the morning and by evening it had ceased, leaving the campus white and still. After the good old fashion we formed in a half circle by Denbigh and waited silently. There was a beautiful bright moon, which heightened the outline of the gray buildings against the paler sky and cast firm black shadows on the white snow. Looking away towards Pembroke we could see a cluster of yellow lights and below them dim lines of trees and bushes almost hiding the great arch. Then in the far distance we caught the first faint notes of "Pallas Athena." Gradually the sound grew clearer and fuller, now and then there was a flash of light, and at length two dark figures emerged, their blue lanterns swinging at their sides and casting brilliant reflections on the white below. Amid the soft, dying words of the chant the procession, with its line of swaying figures, wound nearer and nearer, till it had formed a second circle within that of 1908. Then with a murmured word of good will each Sophomore handed over her lantern to one of us; and we in our new caps and gowns, carrying our new lanterns, swept slowly away, to cherish actually in our college life that "spark of the flame divine" which we had received symbolically through this beautiful ceremony.

ANNE GARRETT WALTON.

Banner Presentation

November eighteenth was the date of our second experience with "Gymnasium Dramatics," the occasion being the presentation of our banner by 1906.

The whole gymnasium that evening had become Japanese. The parasols and lanterns, the bower where the characteristic decorations were concentrated, the Japanese maidens (whom we could hardly recognize as really Juniors), even the programs, in the form of little fans—this scene, to which we ourselves gave the only Occidental note, prepared us for the performance of "The Japanese Nightingale." 1906 had made a charming play from the well-known novel of that name. The leading parts were taken by Phoebe Crosby, who was Jack Biglow, and Lucia Lord, who was Yaki Sani. The other players were Louise Cruice, Jessie Hewitt, Ethel Bullock, Louise Fleischman, Grace Neilson, Grace Wade, and Frances Lyon.

After the play, and after refreshment, our eyes were once more directed to the stage, where Lucia appeared, reclining on a gleaming silver crescent. She gave us our banner—then of *delicate fresh* blue, with *pure white* numerals. Then the Juniors sang to us the song which is now a legacy to every even class: "Two years ago, we as Freshmen." With awed voices we replied, briefly, yet summing up the event of the evening and expressing our aspirations for the future:

"Juniors, you have brought to us,
This our banner fair,
Which we now with reverent love,
Salute as it hangs there:
Our banner blue
We receive from you,
And to it and 1906
We will all be true."

LOUISE MILLIGAN.

The Political Mass Meeting

There is one memory of our Freshman days to which we will look back with a reminiscent smile, in the years to come—perhaps when we cast our own vote in our own drawing-room; that memory is of the political mass-meeting. In those days, before the time of Mrs. Cobden-Sanderson and the Equal Suffrage League, we had not aspired to be suffragettes, and at that stage of our careers would have shrunk from contemplating the interior of a prison. But we did have brothers and fathers who were at least tolerably interested in the elections, and most of us had begun "Pol. Econ.," so we felt a thrilling suggestiveness about the very words "political mass-meeting;" and the results justified our expectations.

Of course the upper classes had most to do with the management of affairs, for our verdant newness forced even 1908 to be content as "also-rans;" but we cheered the transparencies (politely ignoring the fact that they refused to stay lighted), added a large share to the uproar, and joined lustily in the hoarse question, "What's the matter with Roosevelt?" and the equally hoarse but exultant reply, "He's all right!" "Who's all right?" would pass down the line, and "Roosevelt" came ringing back the answer. After marching around the campus, while William Armitage set off fireworks behind his little hedge, we adjourned to Taylor—headed by a band most fearfully and wonderfully clad, and there listened to soul-stirring and persuasive speeches by Swallow, Carrie Nation, and other "footlight favorites" basking at that time in the ephemeral light of the public eye. They are now merely names—some of them not even that—and the future college classes will know them no more. But to us, though the individual heroes are forgotten, though Roosevelt and Fairbanks—for whom the overwhelming majority of us voted—have become an impossible political combination, yet the memory of our Freshmen dabbling in politics—a blaze of lurid transparencies, shouting, tin-pans, fireworks, caricatures, and clever speeches—will remain for us a confused but permanent recollection of one of the good times of our college days.

MARY A. KINSLEY.

The Class Crest

Bacon, in the *Novum Organum*, insists that only by a scientific method of procedure can satisfactory results be obtained. The Class of 1908 must have had this maxim in mind in the choice of the class animal and motto, so deliberately and methodically did we approach the task.

First, all the members of the animal kingdom not yet appropriated by other classes were marshalled forth for inspection. Of these only six seemed possible. Two of the six, the bee and the ant, found great favor among the more diligent and ambitious of the class, but were quickly thrown into disrepute by the hint that they were too suggestive of nursery proverbs. Next the unicorn was championed, because of his æsthetic appearance. Though many contended that to choose him would be to follow too closely in the footsteps of 1905, still feeling was strong in his favor, until suddenly the hideous suggestion was made that some succeeding class for its animal might choose the lion! When, after a brief debate the next two possibilities, the cricket and the spider, were disposed of, the one as too flippant, too offensively cheerful, the other as lacking moral character, all hopes centered on the last choice, the blue heron. So strong were the arguments against him that at one time it seemed as if he too must be discarded, and the whole array of beasts must be reviewed again. The first objection, that his neck and legs were so long that no ring could possibly contain them, was at last refuted by instancing the skill of jewelers. But the second charge, that he did not mean anything, had no deep symbolic significance, seemed unanswerable. Then did the class appreciate the practical value of the classics: a student of Greek proclaimed that Homer calls the blue

heron the bird of good omen, Athena's bird. All opposition ceased. There were cries of "question, question," and the motion was carried by an overwhelming majority.

Then came the necessity of providing a motto fit for so noble a bird. Again the Baconian method was followed—but it is unnecessary to review each detail. That extreme care was taken is proved by a note in the minutes of a class meeting at that time: "It was moved and seconded that the Class of 1908 accept for its motto 'Glaukopsis,' if 'glaukopsis' means 'keen-eyed.' Mayone Lewis telephoned to Dr. Sanders about the meaning of 'glaukopsis.'" Then came a discussion of other matters, then "Mayone Lewis returned from telephoning and reported that 'glaukopsis' does not mean 'keen-eyed.'" Thus one after another were mottoes chosen, and rejected as unworthy. Finally the truly Homeric "Empedos" was proposed, and approved, as combining the lofty traditions of the heron with a fitting watchword for the class. So at last the class gained the reward of systematic labor:—not only the satisfaction of possessing a crest which is obviously beautiful, but also the more refined pleasure of perceiving that the uninitiated do not understand the subtle significance of the emblem, but exclaim when they see it, "A Greek motto. Of course that doesn't mean anything to me, but the bird—how attractive!—a stork!"

ANNA KING.





Freshman Class Supper

Few of us, I think, can ever forget our Freshman Class Supper. Of course the charm of newness hung over everything, radiating perhaps from the resplendent newness of our banner, which had never yet been subject to the ravages of the elements upon the gymnasium wall. This newness was also fittingly marked by the fact that everyone took our rush-song phrase: "You are our elder sisters dear," quite seriously.

Time would fail me to tell of the preparations which had been made; not only the decorations, but the place cards, each of which was adorned with some scintillating "personality" and also with appropriate pictures taken mostly from advertisements.

Theresa Helburn of course contributed to the gloom of nations. Yes, Terry was toast-mistress, and I have a secret suspicion that the witticisms she made that evening have remained with her throughout her course and have resulted in—but why complete what is obvious? Each toast was greeted with well-deserved applause, though I must admit that perhaps then we weren't as used to hearing ourselves speak as we are by this time.

Anna Welles set the ball rolling by a speech to the class officers, and this ordeal of first toast, given while Sophomores are waiting for a chance to laugh at the wrong place, was passed triumphantly. Junior-Senior Supper, which came the same night, was toasted by Linda Schaefer; then, as our toast-mistress wished to give us a few surprises, Lydia Sharpless toasted hockey and Martha Plaisted did the same for basket-ball! ("Who would have thunk it," as the Biology class exclaimed when "Daddy" Warren blew up a two-inch lung so that it filled the entire lecture-room.)

Emily Fox then gave her opinions anent class meetings, and Dorothy Straus hers on dramatics, but perhaps the three cleverest speeches of the evening were Adda Eldredge's on statistics, Myra Elliot's on the faculty, containing those imitations which were in the beginning, are now, and ever shall be side-splitting, and Helen Dudley's on Chaucer, phrased in his own quaint yet abhorred language over which we had just been struggling.

We all were filled with high seriousness when Louise Milligan toasted "Loyalty," with such seriousness, in fact, that when my turn came immediately afterward to speak on 1908 as Sophomores, I found that my feeble attempts at mirthfulness had become so chastened and self-governed that they were almost "imperceptibles" (if the mention of such things may be permitted even in the same sentence with our Milly). Adelaide Case, as Freshman Class President, made the final toast: "Our Class," and thus the eventful evening ended.

Of course there had been the usual "stunts" between toasts, and the one I remember best was Helen Greeley's dance, followed by Adda Eldredge's imitation of it. All our songs were gone over, too, even our large and shining galaxy of class songs, and it was with great appropriateness that we sang "as birds in air we're gay and free," for that is a good way for Freshmen to feel at their first class supper.

CAROLINE MCCOOK.





Freshman Year

Hockey

1906 vs. 1908.

1906.

Katzenstein, R. W.
Houghton, R. I.
Ford, C. F.
Lauterbach, L. I.
Wade, L. W.
Neill, R. H.
White (Capt.), C. H.
H. Smith, L. H.
Hewitt, R. B.
Bullock, L. B.
Rawson, Goal.

1908.

Helburn, L. W.
Morris, L. I.
Waller, C. F.
Griffith, R. I.
McLane, R. W.
Copeland, L. H.
Sharpless (Capt.), C. H.
Fox, R. H.
Young, L. B.
Schmidt, R. B.
Cadbury, Goal.

November 8—Won by 1906, score 6-3.

November 10—Won by 1906, score 5-0.

Basket-Ball

1908 vs. 1905.

1908.

M. Plaisted
H. Dudley
J. Morris
H. Cadbury
A. King
M. Young
L. Sharpless
M. Chambers
M. Washburn

1905.

L. Marshall
C. Denison
E. Shields
E. Mason
M. Thurston
H. Kempton
A. McKeen
I. Lynde
A. Jaynes

May 9—Won by 1905, score 3-1.

May 11—Won by 1905, score 13-3.

Freshman Year

Varsity Hockey

NOVEMBER 19, 1904.

Varsity *vs.* Merion Cricket Club—Score 1-3.

Forwards.

Marshall	Little (Houghton)	Havemeyer
Ford	Wade	

Half-Backs.

Meigs (Neall)	Denison (Capt.)	White
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Full-Backs.

Hewitt	Bullock	Armstrong (goal)
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Varsity Basket-Ball

Forwards.

Denison (Capt.)	Houghton	Katzenstein
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Centers.

Mason	Havemeyer	Evans
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Backs.

Hewitt	McKeen	Wade
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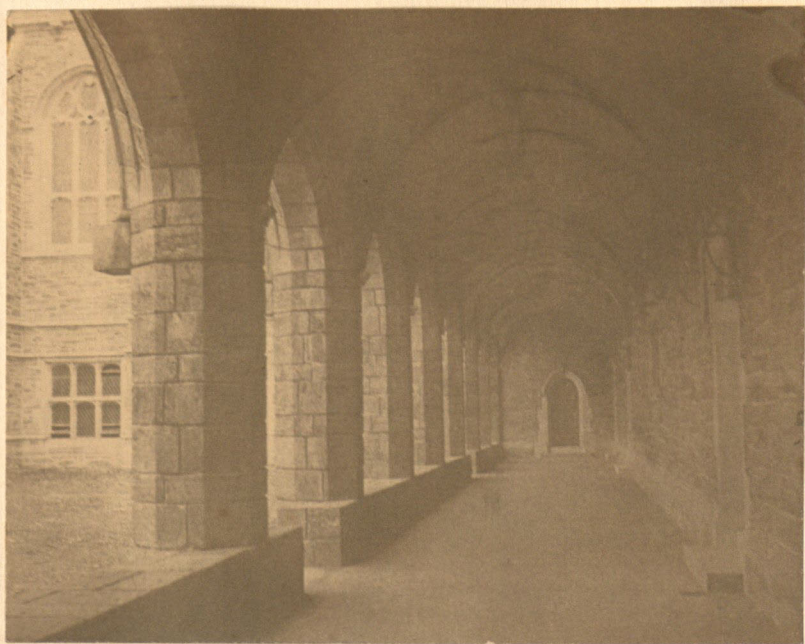
June 7—Varsity *vs.* Alumnæ—Won by Varsity, 16-1.



Calendar of Freshman Year

- October 3—First Class Meeting.
October 4—College opened.
October 4—Class Rush.
October 7—Christian Union Reception.
October 10—President Thomas's Reception.
October 14—Senior Reception.
November 4—"Good-Natured Man."
November 5—Sophomore Dance.
November 7—Political Mass Meeting.
November 8, November 10—Class Hockey Games.
November 18—Banner Presentation.
November 19—Varsity Hockey vs. Merion.
November 21—Addresses by Pastor Wagner and Pastor Koenig.
December 3—Class Dance for 1907.
December 16—Hockey Dinner for 1906.
January 19—Lecture by Mr. Henry James on Balzac.
January 23—Lecture by President Briggs, of Radcliffe, on John Donne.
January 30-February 10—Midyears.
March 9—Lecture by Charles Bonaparte on The New Woman as a College Graduate.
March 25—"When the Students' Building is Done."
March 30—President Sharpless gave the Founder's Lecture.
April 15—Three Irish Plays by Yeats, given by Miss Wycherley in the Gymnasium.
April 28—Plays for the Benefit of the Students' Building by the Alumnæ.
May 1—May Day Celebration.
May 5—Concert of Glee and Mandolin Clubs.
May 12—Class Supper.
May 13—Repetition of "Sainte Jeanne la Pucelle" by 1906.

Sophomore Year



Sophomore Year

Class Officers

President—JOSEPHINE PROUDFIT.

Vice-President and Treasurer—JACQUELINE MORRIS.

Secretary—VIRGINIA MCKENNEY.

Offices Held by the Class

Self-Government—Advisory Board, HENRIETTA BRYAN, LOUISE MILLIGAN, ANNA KING.

Undergraduate Association—Assistant Treasurer, MARTHA PLAISTED.

Athletic Association—Vice-President and Treasurer, MARGARET COPELAND.

Tipyn o' Bob—Editors, T. HELBURN, L. FOLEY, M. PLAISTED; *Assistant Business Manager*, L. CONGDON.

Christian Union—Secretary, JACQUELINE MORRIS.

Glee Club—Business Manager, DOROTHY MERLE-SMITH.

Trophy Club—MYRA ELLIOT, MARGARET COPELAND.

League—Treasurer, CAROLINE MCCOOK.

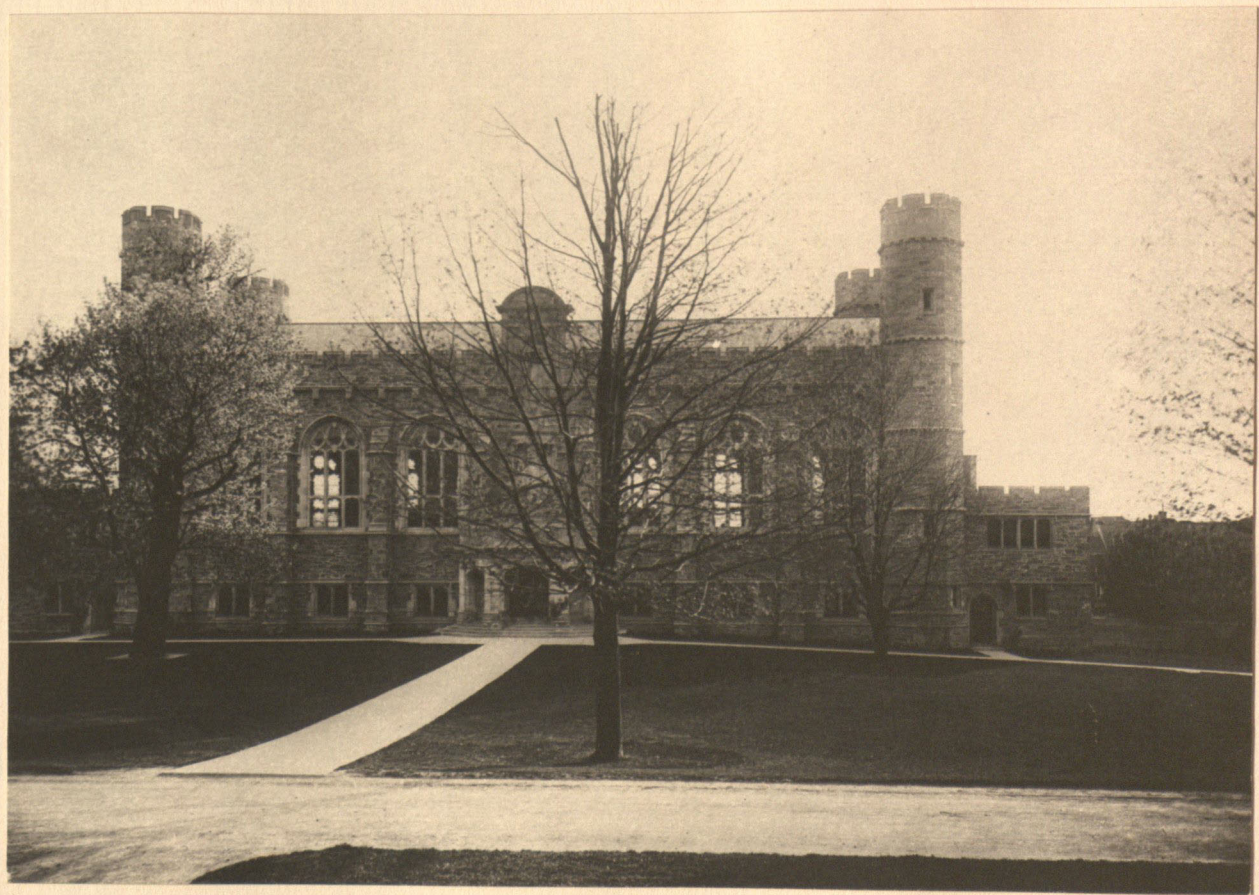
Law Club—Treasurer, HAZEL WHITELAW.

Lantern—Editor, MARGARET FRANKLIN; *Assistant Business Manager*, EMILY FOX.

Consumers' League—Treasurer, M. G. ATHERTON.

Hockey Captain—LYDIA SHARPLESS.

Basket-Ball Captain—MARTHA PLAISTED.



Ad Lib.

Long before I ever came to college I flattered myself that I was pretty well broken in to libraries. We had a habit of sitting in ours at home every night of our lives, and had all become adepts in staying on the slippery red leather chairs, and appearing intent on our work spread out before us, while really busy passing notes to each other under the table or keeping up a whispered argument. I do not remember at any time being afraid of the books about me, either, and sometimes even went so far in my familiarity with them as to tip back my chair and pull one off the shelves to read beneath the table. Consequently, the library in Taylor offered nothing new. The stiff old chairs and the inky tables and the controversies with the non-residents who were one and all convinced that their eye-glasses and their pocket-books were in the very drawer underneath your place, all these were just what you had been accustomed to, only a little more of it. With political economy books piled up forbiddingly before you, you could sit for hours and watch your professors bustling in and out of the reading-room, or your contemporaries playing on the campus, or else, by means of a wriggle and a stretch you could get hold of some unexpected treasure of a French or German volume.

But the very first time I entered the new library I became conscious of a new sensation. I am not referring to the time when I entered it at night and fell six feet upon a pile of bricks, but to my formal entrance as the "grave scholar, lonely, calm, austere," with a fountain pen in my hand and a wrap dangling from my shoulder, bent on making up for lost hours of private reading by appropriating six books at once from out the Political Reserve. The new sensation was Miss Mudge. Later on, I added to it other new sensations, although none of them as strong as that. I came to delight in the breezes that play about the reading-room, even as wantonly as about

the northeast corner of Taylor; in the "little sounds, made musical and clear," in the adventurous cruising about the room to find a match; in the never-ceasing procession of hushed admiring aliens who passed from a surreptitious peek at the seductive seminaries to a bold inspection of Miss Thomas' portrait.

And the psych. labs. I must not forget them, nor the "consultation tombs." It would take Louise Foley herself to tell how she used to stand for two hours every week, hanging out of the window of the Dark Room, and holding up passers-by to tell the time. At one stage of the game I myself knew every blade of grass in the English sod of the cloister by its name, for I had to observe those blades through red sheets of mica, and green and blue and yellow ones, until I had acquired such an intimate knowledge. In that very lecture room at the far end of the corridor, from which we were ingloriously ejected, class and lectures, by Mr. King, I can still remember being taught the tremendous difficulty of recalling smells; yet the fragrance of the English interview rooms still persists in lingering in my memory. As the poet sings: "I wonder why?"

CAROLINE FLORENCE LEXOW.



Tea

The most interesting thing about tea is how changed it is. Freshman year, tea used to consist of muggled chocolate, layer-cake, and fudge. Now it is reduced to tea and bread and butter. I wonder whether it is Dr. Clark's influence that has done it. He says, of course, that there is no conversation in America, and that the reason is that we are too much occupied with food at our parties. Now simple food is, in point of fact, much more impressive than fancy food, and people think a great deal more about it. Mabel O'Sullivan told me once about her first tea with Miss Donnelly. There was tea and toast, in true British fashion. Mabel was very excited and very hungry, and she took a nice luscious piece of hot buttered toast. But then she didn't dare to eat it, for fear it would make a noise. I told her she should have timed her bites so that they coincided with Miss Donnelly's, for then Miss Donnelly's toast would have been making the same noise at the same time, and she needn't have felt embarrassed. But she did not think of this brilliant scheme, so the toast lay untasted, and I am sure the conversation suffered. Such is the danger of simplicity at teas. If she had only had a macaroon, it would have been all right. As Chesterton says—for I cannot resist one last quotation from Chesterton—"It does not so very much matter whether a man eats a raw tomato or a grilled tomato, but it does very much matter whether he eats a raw tomato with a grilled mind."

MARGARET FRANKLIN.







May Day

Old Merrie England wakes to-day, and under blossomed orchard boughs and within green enclosures between dim gray walls, lustily brings in the May. Once more do Robin Hood and his merrie men make sport in Sherwood Forest with the high jollity of youth; and under her greenwood tree Maid Marian gazes upon the gay revels of the May-pole dancers, her eyes a-dream with the remembrance of old adventure.

Here in the violet and daisy embroidered dell King Theseus and his low-browed queen laugh at the antics of Bottom and Quince; here Titania works her spells of dainty magic, and through the grape-vine bower peep little fairy faces, smiling in elfish delight at the thought of subtly plotted mischief. To-day Simon Eyre keeps holiday in London and all the shoemakers' 'prentices hold their sides at his mad jests and pranks.

All day, on the green, shepherd and shepherdess sit by their flocks, piping of spring, and under grateful shade wandering friars exchange the tales of their adventures. No one thinks of the morrow; no cloud of future discontent darkens the clear sunlight of the present day. The garnered treasure of past romance, the careless mirth of the present moment fill the minds of all. To-morrow will be time for to-morrow's work. To-day we are in Merrie England, where all the world is young and all on gay adventure bent.

LOUISE FOLEY.

Sophomore Supper

Oh a doleful task is mine now,
To discourse upon class supper,
Given when we all were Soph'mores
In the time long since departed.
We still fluttered, in our class song—
Birds upon the balmy breezes;
Or had we then transmigrated
To the gray halls and green campus?
Well, in Pembroke, as we feasted,
Adda told us of past class songs,
Singing of the campus fair
As it spread out everywhere,
And of trees so very green,
Just as they had always been.
And as we all sat in wonder
At the genius of past classes,
Helen Dudley, diving backward
Into ages still more distant,
Brought old Chaucer to the campus,
Made his pen describe the poole,
Where the centipedes swame—
Till we, purged by fear and pity,
As the tragedy unfolded,
Cheered her with such lusty vigor,
That once more she read it to us.
So we went through all the evening,
Laughing at each stale old story,
That we'd read in days departed
In the Ladies' own Home Journal.
For as nineteen eight agree
There are none as nice as we,
And in points of courtesy

We did ne'er our equals see.
So you all must bear with me
When, for my bad poetry,
I put forward the weak plea:
"Native inability,
And a shaky memory
Of the facts of that old spree."
(Pardon, it *must* end in E.)
But—I state it finally—
Sophomore supper, all agree,
Passed off very merrily.
For in jolly company,
None are found to equal *We*.

LOUISE HYMAN.

The Fire at Low Buildings

The day after the Low Buildings fire I sat under a tree gazing at the ruins which ought to have been and were not; and reviewing in my mind the thrilling events of the preceding day,—the customary hush of college halls broken by the sweet irresistible call of the Siren that drew all of us down the sacred hill to the magic circle wherein dwelt—but why go on? You all know the rest as well as I. But to catch up with the next day—which is easy, as we have already started there—my reverie under the tree was soon broken by the arrival of a voluble undergraduate, quite far under, I believe, and a companion, whom I judged to be an elderly unmarried female aunt. They were, of course, discussing the fire. "Oh, you should have been there," the freshman was saying. "The President came rushing down the hill with a fire extinguisher in one hand and Miss G—rr—tt in the other so fast that no one could keep up with her, and when she arrived she took command of the situation at once. First of all she made the firemen change their hose." Here the maiden aunt threw up her hands and ejaculated: "Not in public, I hope!" But the girl went on

without noticing the interruption: "They had turned it on the roof when the fire was in the cellar, and I think they were quite right, for of course the most important thing about a house is the roof, isn't it? And the girls' fire brigade was simply wonderful! They were mostly all Seniors, and they showed such discrimination! The first things they saved were the faculty tooth-brushes, and of course that is one's most important possession, only unfortunately in the confusion the brushes got mixed and——" Here the speaker passed out of hearing.

I soon discovered that I had chosen an unfortunate place for solitude. Two Juniors came down the hill in earnest conversation. "It was interesting to observe," one was saying, "how characteristically the members of the various departments behaved. The German department, I noticed, in a fit of impulsive sentimentality, plunged from an upper window in a costume that betokened the serious student's disregard of externals. The economics department refused to move till their trunks and possessions had been saved, the geologic department rushed to the blaze on the hunt for volcanic phenomena, and the English department with a proper regard for style and form stepped calmly out, hatted and veiled, and slowly buttoning the last button of their fourteen-button gloves."

Presently a girl and a man came upon the scene. I soon recognized the girl as one of our prized pedants. The young man looked at the apparently unharmed building and said: "I don't believe there was really a fire here at all." But the pedant, gazing knowingly at the wing of the building, subtly said: "Where there is so much smoke—you know the proverb." "Well, how did you put it out?" the young man next inquired. They were walking rapidly and I had to lean forward to catch the girl's answer: "It happened," she said, "that Mr. Henry James was staying in the house—he had come down to lecture—and when he learned where the fire was, he simply threw the Sacred Fount into its midst, and you must admit that that would quench any——."

They had gone.

THERESA HELBURN.

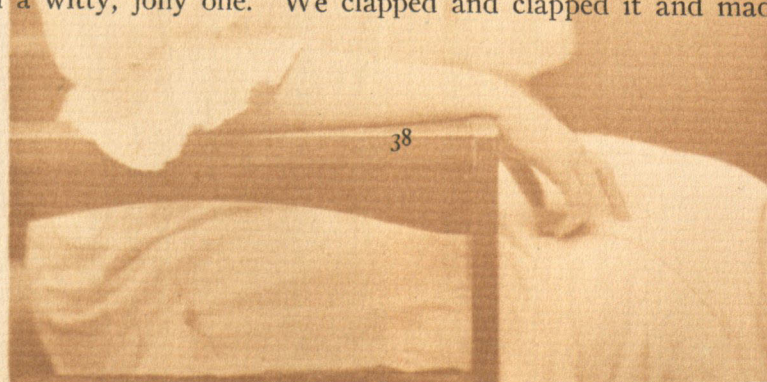






“The Strawberry Party”

Nineteen eight, with its usual zeal for inventing needs and occasions for entertaining 1906, decided that not only would it like to (of course it was not at all for that reason that the plan was suggested), but that it really ought to return some of its Juniors' past favors. Original plans of entertainment are not easy to find, even after two years of college, and we finally decided on a “strawberry party,” because that would demand less of the busy Seniors' time, and could not but be delightful in the beautiful May weather. As I remember, the weather was not so characteristically May as it might have been, but at 7.20 we were waiting behind Radnor in a hollow surrounded by shrubbery, which we had decorated for the occasion with little blue lanterns hung among the trees, and sofa cushions on the ground. As 1906 came down the slope we ran up to them with plates on which were arranged strawberries around little mounds of sugar. We ate and sang, talked and enjoyed the beauty of the evening for about half an hour. Then with much whispering and skilful manœuvering we guided 1906 into one group and ourselves gathered into another, and sang them our “Strawberry Song,” which we considered, and still consider, a very superior one. It was our first attempt at a song to our Juniors since we sang “to nineteen six and the fame that ever sticks,” and we felt proud of the result. To our surprise and delight 1906 had also written a song for the occasion, and such a witty, jolly one. We clapped and clapped it and made them



sing it again, enjoying not only its wit and go, but also the praise in it for ourselves. Here is the song:

(*Tune: "Coming Through the Rye."*)

"Gin a body ask a body, who needs no foe to fear,
At the gym, at record marking, acting Will Shakespeare.
If a body ask a body, whom we'd like to cheer,
Seniors say with one accord, "It's 1908, that's clear."

"Freshman, stand by your Junior's side" was sung with great applause, and then the party broke up, and we strolled home through the dusk, all thinking regretfully of the near approach of June.

AND.



Sophomore Year

Hockey

1908 vs. 1907.

1908.
T. Helburn
J. Griffith
J. Morris
V. McKenney
H. Cadbury
E. Fox
M. Copeland
L. Sharpless
M. Young
H. Schmidt
M. Plaisted

1907.
G. Brownell
M. Ayer
G. Hill
A. Hawkins
C. Woerishoffer
K. Kerr
E. Williams
G. Hutchins
H. Houghteling
A. Vauclain
D. Forster

November 7—Won by 1908, score 4-9.

November 9—Won by 1908, score 2-6.

Finals.

November 13—Won by 1906, score 6-2.

November 14—Won by 1906, score 4-1.

Sophomore Year

Basket-Ball

1908 vs. 1906.

1908.	1906.
Plaisted (Capt.), H.	Hewitt (Capt.) (Ford), G.
Morris, R. F.	Ropes, L. B.
Dudley (Hyman), L. F.	Wade, R. B.
Young, C. C.	Richardson, C. C.
Copeland, R. C.	Lauterbach, L. C.
Griffith, L. C.	White (Bullock), R. C.
Washburn (Passmore), G.	Katzenstein, H.
Chambers (Fox), R. B.	Houghton, L. F.
Sharpless, L. B.	Neall (Harrington), R. F.

May 9—Won by 1906, score 7-8.

May 11—Won by 1908, score 11-4.

May 12—Won by 1906, score 8-5.



Calendar of Sophomore Year

October 31—Dr. Kuhnermann spoke on "Faust."
November 3—Varsity-Alumnæ Hockey.
November 3-6—Self-Government Conference.
November 4—"Two Gentlemen of Verona."
November 6—Lantern Night.
November 10—Dance to 1909.
November 7-14—Match games in Hockey.
November 20—Mrs. Craigie spoke on "The Artist's Life."
November 23—Dr. Poel spoke on "Shakspeare and the Elizabethan Playhouse."
November 27—1907's and 1909's Hockey Dance to 1906 and 1908.
November 5-6—Varsity Hockey with Belmont and Wissahickon.
December 8-10—Week-End Conference.
December 17—Hockey Dinner to 1906.
January 20—Mrs. Kelley spoke on "The Work of the Consumers' League."
January 29-February 9—Midyears.
February 19—Mrs. Spencer spoke on "Woman's Suffrage."
March 8—Track Meet, won by 1908.
March 9—Swimming Contest, won by 1907.
April 4—Professor McGiffert gave the Founder's Lecture.
April 21—Concert of Glee and Mandolin Clubs.
May 1—May Day Fete.
May 8—Mr. Tschaiakovsky spoke on "Russia."
May 8—Strawberry Picnic to 1906.
May 9-18—Match Games.
May 18—Class Supper.
May 23-June 6—Finals.
June 6—Varsity Game with Alumnæ.
June 6—College Breakfast.
June 7—Commencement.

Junior Year



Junior Year

Class Officers

President—JOSEPHINE PROUDFIT.
Vice-President and Treasurer—ANNA DUNHAM.
Secretary—EDITH CHAMBERS.

Offices Held by the Class

Christian Union—Treasurer, JACQUELINE MORRIS.
Bryn Mawr League—Secretary, MARGARET MAYNARD.
Self-Government—Executive Board, JACQUELINE MORRIS, LOUISE MILLIGAN; *Advisory Board*, VIRGINIA MCKENNEY, MAYONE LEWIS, MARGARET LEWIS, ANNA DUNHAM (resigned); *Secretary*, MARGARET COPELAND; *Treasurer*, LOUISE CONGDON.
Undergraduate Association—Vice-President and Treasurer, MYRA ELLIOT; *Secretary*, MARTHA PLAISTED.
Athletic Association—Secretary, MARGARET COPELAND; *Outdoor Manager*, MARJORIE YOUNG.
Lantern—Editors, MARGARET FRANKLIN, T. HELBURN, L. FOLEY; *Business Manager*, MAYONE LEWIS.
Tipyn o' Bob—Editors, THERESA HELBURN, MARTHA PLAISTED, LOUISE FOLEY; *Assistant Business Manager*, LOUISE CONGDON.
Philosophical Club—Treasurer, LOUISE MILLIGAN.
Glee Club—Treasurer, DOROTHY MERLE-SMITH.
College Settlement Association—Treasurer, ANNA WELLES.
Consumers' League—Secretary, M. G. ATHERTON.
Conference Committee—Chairman, LOUISE CONGDON.
Trophy Club—MYRA ELLIOT, MARGARET COPELAND.
English Club—LOUISE FOLEY, MARTHA PLAISTED, THERESA HELBURN, MARGARET FRANKLIN.
Oriental Club—President, MARJORIE WALLACE; *Vice-President*, L. SHARPLESS.
German Club—Secretary, ALICE SACHS; *Vice-President*, F. LEXOW.
Law Club—President, LOUISE HYMAN; *Secretary*, HAZEL WHITE-LAW.
Chess Club—President, A. CASE.





Songs

Songs of the Class of 1908,
To speak of them is now my fate;
Both solemn songs, and funny ones,
At thought of them a cold chill runs
Adown my back, and up my spine—
Alas! the guilt of some was mine!
I, too, have written in my day
A horrid and inane array
Of doggerel and lyric chatter.
My only comfort in the matter
Is quite a worthy cause for pride,—
A class song *I* have never tried.
'Tis lucky! For had I got started,
Good sense and I had early parted.
Where others merely tripped a speck,
I should have made a very wreck.
In simile my style would be,
"As *tomahawks* were gay and free,"
And as for consecrating things,
Each one of you would sprout some wings,
So solemnly I'd consecrate
And dedicate to you nought eight.
My song you would accept perforce,
(For you there'd be no other course,
Since never in our life, I ween,
Have we had two to choose between);
We'd practise then full long and strong
And loud, and off the key, and wrong;
For some would sing in sing-song fashion,
Some would murder it by slashin',
Some would mutter monotones,
And some would mingle moans with groans;
Then Josephine, all pale and sad,
Would call our singing "Quite too bad!"
Till, all of us becoming tearful,
Not even Marge would be quite cheerful.
All this of course would only be
In case the song was writ by me.

ADDA ELDREDGE.

Track Athletics

Since perspective is so necessary a part of a true historical estimate, it seems impossible to describe faithfully 1908's last appearance in track. But one fact is certain, we have been pitilessly dogged in our whole career by certain spectres in red, who have twice held uncanny revels over our prostrate fortunes. Our most hard-won victory came in our Junior year, when Marjorie on a verge of a world's record, balanced unconsciously on one foot for long, long minutes, while some hundred agonized spectators sat by in tense misery; and when Rose's determined expression, as she led the gallant *little* band of tuggers, so alarmed 1910 that they ran away down the floor—taking with them the expression and all. And now, in the face of our recent defeat, we have still the consolation that we won as often as we lost, but then, of course, we lost as often as we won.

LYDIA SHARPLESS.

Records made by 1908

Freshman Year

TRACK

MARJORIE YOUNG: College record for putting the shot: 27 ft. 6 in.

Sophomore Year

SWIMMING

E. SCHAEFER: College record for 70-ft. swim, front: 21 s.

TRACK

MARJORIE YOUNG: College record for putting the shot, 29 ft. ½ in.

Junior Year

SWIMMING

E. SCHAEFER: College record for 70-ft. swim, front: 20 s.

TRACK

MARJORIE YOUNG: World's record for putting the shot: 33 ft. 1 in.
INA RICHTER: College record for three standing broad jumps: 22 ft. 1 in.



Under Two Flags

1908 had waited long for the occasion of sitting downstairs in the gymnasium and enjoying the benefits of individual programs and separate chairs. Therefore it was not surprising that it availed itself of the opportunity to the utmost, even at the expense of braving the attic for long-forgotten "other" clothes.

Arrayed in our best and "with expectations great" we waited anxiously for the scenes that were to appear at the other side of the footlights. I think we had a few feeble new songs, but we soon came to the conclusion that the old ones only were adequate to express our feelings. So we finally confined ourselves to "Oh, my, how clever you are," sung with unsurpassable vigour, as our excitement grew more and more intense.

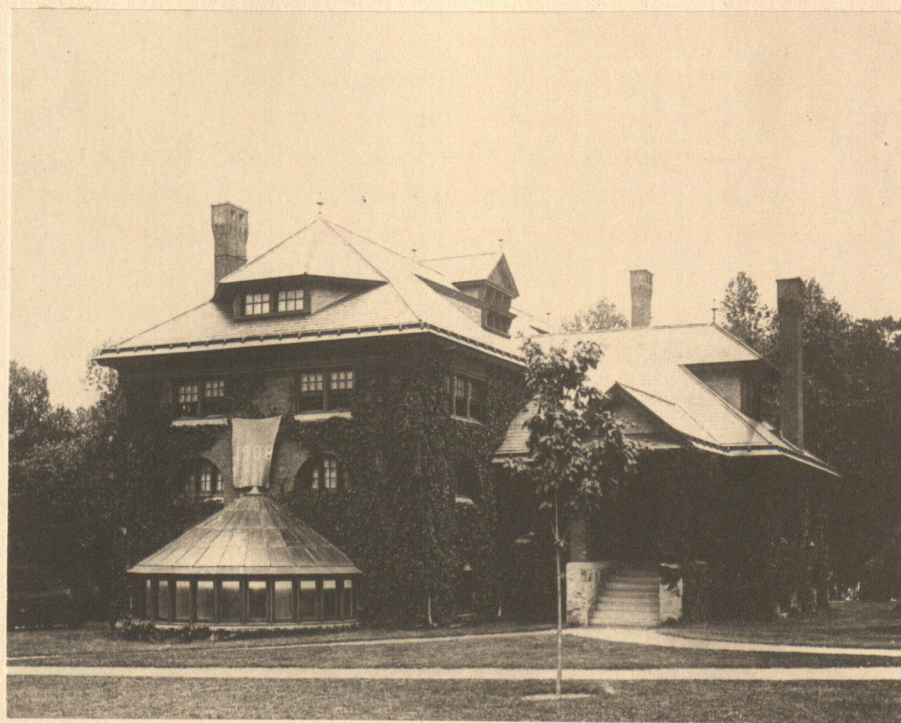
There was great consternation when the absence of Gertrude Hill and Eunice Schenck was discovered on the list of Terpsichorean brothers, and our dramatic senses, especially Terry's, were prepared for a shock. But newer and no lesser lights rose on the horizon. There was Dorothy Forster in the role of the much-bebearded and highly uniformed villain, who uttered his cruel, crusty commands with heartrending harshness. Then there was Margaret Bailey, with her parasol and faint aroma of Low Buildings (at the moment of her appearance Terry's awe-struck whisper first reached my ear. The latter was by this time conquered and subdued). Bunny Brownell dashed in with a swish of short skirts and a mop of curly brown hair, bewilderingly fascinating. And finally there was Ellen with her manly stride and daredevil bravery.

Excitement rose to such a pitch in the audience that our sense of best clothes and decorum scattered to the four winds, and we hissed and applauded, under the direction of 1907, behind the scenes, in true melodramatic succession. Tears flowed from every eye when Cigarette, in a last crowning sacrifice, received the murderous bullets in her own breast to save her lover's life. Those whose eyes were not moist emitted loud boo-hoos which were quite as satisfactory to all concerned.

When we regained our normal equilibrium, and were able to look upon the production from a somewhat rational point of view, one and all proclaimed "Under Two Flags" a perfectly delightful burlesque, and added another point to the score of 1907's dramatic triumphs.

MARJORIE YOUNG.





Traditions of 1908

Many indeed are the shades of past customs, which will hover around the marble bust of 1908, when such a monument graces Taylor. The college precedents we have established, and the ones we have abolished, are, in the meantime, monument enough.

"*Exegi monumentum aere perennius*," though it may be that few will know who raised it. Who will realize in five years that it was 1908's Senior Day that immortalized "Fresh Yellow Barns?"

To our own class traditions, *a nous*, however, we can always ascribe a definite source, and always will we remember who is responsible for their hold over us. Which of us, when we get to a dinner in feverish haste, and find ourselves a half hour too early, will not feel in the air the presence of the shade of Josephine? (Of course I exonerate Rock: They have a tradition peculiarly their own in such matters.) Which of us will not feel forever a certain inability to do anything in our own way? For always we shall be pursued by a conception of what the *true scientific method* would be could we live up to the standard of—Lou Hyman.

And, above all, which of us, when put in a very hard hole, where a very small lie would so easily relieve us, will not be vaguely admonished, and baffled in our untruthfulness by the still, small voice of Milly, piping down the ages, with Hazel as accompanist? Many indeed are the leading reins which hold us in check, and inexorable the spirits who drive us. May 1908 awake to the fact that it is in some respects but a herd of dumb, driven cattle, and may it submit with a good grace to the rings our four years have put in our noses.

MARGARET CHARLTON LEWIS.

The Daisy Gathering

We had left the college in the deep blackness of night, and passing then rapidly through the low valley, came out of the trees upon a high, rolling country, which showed white before us. We climbed a low fence noiselessly, crossed a creaking bridge, and so found ourselves lost in the great, misty whiteness of the daisy-fields. The half-bitter aroma of the daisy filled our nostrils, the cold wetness of the dripping petals chilled our bare hands and drenched our clothes; our eyes were dazed by the glaring whiteness of the world around.

We said little as we set out, two by two, in different directions. One went ahead, gathering the daisies in bulk upon her arm, and cutting the long, dark stems with a swing of her heavy scythe; the second followed to gather up again the freshly cut piles.

Far away in the east a faint tinge of light began to show above the hills. This brightened and grew larger, covering more and more sky.

"It is the dawn!" someone said, pausing with her knife in her hands.

Now the light fell upon the hill-tops, one after the other, and soft, white clouds came rolling up from behind the most distant hills. Overhead the last stars disappeared, and at our feet the daisies no longer shone in a vague mist of whiteness, but took shape as single flowers.

Gradually the white light changed to dazzling brightness, which found its way deep into the purple shadows of the valley. A flood of rosy clouds spread suddenly above the hills and flushed the white petals of the daisies. We still moved about in silent lines, flashing our long, wet knives, and heaping the daisies into high, fragrant piles.

At last rose the great sun, breaking apart the clouds and shining forth over the country. It shone upon the daisies, mile upon mile of whiteness; it shone upon our scythes and eager, whitened faces; it showed, for the first time, the clear outline of the brook below the fields.

The spell was broken; we began to talk and laugh—some of us, to sing. Our cheeks glowed red in the sunlight, and we fell upon the daisies with renewed vigor.

“They say that already enough daisies have been gathered. Nineteen Eight’s daisy-chain will be more beautiful than any has ever been!”

We heaped the wet piles high upon the wagons, cheering and laughing. Then we climbed upon the seat, as many as possible, and the rest followed. Behind us the daisies showed great rifts in their whiteness, where the heavy knives had laid bare the soft, black soil; but beyond, high upon the hill, were untouched stretches in white profusion still.

We left the bright field and passed under the trees, through the dark valley, back to the College.

ETHELINDA SCHAEFER.



Portrait

Dramatics

Dramatics—a broad enough subject truly—and I could—but don't be alarmed, I won't—tell of their history, influence, merits, or demerits; but indeed dramatics in the abstract are totally uninteresting to us—it is only the dramatics of the Class of 1908 that enthrall us; and of these you all know quite as much as I do.

Shall I dwell on their superiority?—'twould be boasting; on their inferiority?—'twould be romancing; their resemblance?—they've never resembled anything; their difference?—that's it; they certainly are different.

The same plays have been produced—but have other Valentines been prematurely disclosed by the falling of a whole forest of cedar trees? Have other Tweenways been so abruptly shorn of their cherished moustachios? Have other Litterlys and Lointaine Princesses descended so abruptly upon the heads of unwary musicians? I trow not—other performances have not been as ours. They may have been better, they may have been worse, but they have not been like unto ours.

And this is certain: nothing will ever be to us what these have been,—such fun and work, combined with so much pride and effort. Personally I have never enjoyed anything in our college experience quite as much, and I think that many of us feel in the same way. For this we have to thank College Traditions, Class Spirit, ourselves, and last, and I think chiefly, Theresa Helburn, whose cleverness on and off the stage, unending tact, patience, and unselfish work, have done so much to make the plays of 1908 what they have been.

EMILY READ FOX.

Junior Year

Hockey

1908 vs. 1907.

1908.

T. Helburn
M. Washburn
J. Morris
V. McKenney
H. Cadbury
M. Copeland
L. Sharpless (Capt.)
M. Young
H. Schmidt
L. Hyman
M. Plaisted

1907.

G. Brownell
G. Hill
L. Windle
A. Hawkins
C. Woerishoffer
K. Kerr
E. Williams (Capt.)
G. Hutchins
E. Sweet
E. Daw
D. Forster

November 5—Won by 1907, score 2-1.

November 7—Won by 1908, score 2-5.

November 9—Won by 1907, score 4-3.

Basket-Ball

1908 vs. 1907 and 1910.

1908.

M. Plaisted (Capt.)
H. Dudley
J. Morris
M. Young
H. Cadbury
J. Griffith
L. Sharpless
M. Washburn
M. Chambers

1907.

A. Hawkins
C. Woerishoffer
L. Windle
G. Brownell
E. Williams
G. Hill
K. Kerr
E. Sweet
G. Hutchins (Capt.)

1910.

E. Romeyn
E. Swift
F. Hearne
M. Shipley
E. Denison
M. Kirk
G. Kingsbacher (Cap.)
G. Brown
K. Rotan

May 8—Won by 1907, score 8-3.

May 13—Won by 1908, score 3-4.

May 15—Won by 1908, score 3-9.

Finals vs. 1910.

May 17—Won by 1908, score 15-6.

May 20—Won by 1908, score 10-2.

Junior Year

Varsity Hockey

C. Woerishoffer	E. Williams
A. Hawkins	L. Sharpless
J. Morris	H. Schmidt
G. Hill	E. Daw
T. Helburn	M. Plaisted
G. Hutchins	

Subs. from 1908: Cadbury, Washburn, Copeland, Young, Griffith.

Scores

November 2—Bryn Mawr *vs.* Belmont, won by Bryn Mawr, 1-0.
November 10—Bryn Mawr *vs.* Merion, won by Merion, 1-2.
November 24—Bryn Mawr *vs.* Germantown, won by Bryn Mawr,
13-2.
November 27—Bryn Mawr *vs.* Moorestown, won by Bryn Mawr,
4-1.
December 4—Bryn Mawr *vs.* Belmont, tie, 2-2.

Varsity Basket-Ball

M. Plaisted	G. Hutchins (Capt.)
H. Cadbury	J. Morris
L. Sharpless	G. Hill
E. Brown	E. Sweet
E. Williams	

Subs. from 1908: Richter, Young, Helburn, Washburn, M. Chambers.

June 5—Bryn Mawr *vs.* Alumnæ, won by Bryn Mawr.



Calendar of Junior Year

October 2—Freshman Class Meeting.
November 2—Varsity Hockey with Belmont.
November 5, 7, 9—Class Hockey.
November 10—Varsity Hockey with Merion.
November 16—Banner Presentation.
November 24—Varsity Hockey with Germantown.
December 4—Varsity Hockey with Belmont.
December 14—Debate with 1907.
January 24-February 2—Midyear's.
March 7—Track Meet.
March 25—Gymnasium Contest.
April 19—"Under Two Flags."
April 20—Concert by Glee and Mandolin Clubs.
May 8, 13, 15—Class Basket-Ball Games.
May 10—Junior-Senior Supper.
May 17, 20—Finals in Basket-Ball with 1909.
May 22-June 1—Finals.
June 6—Commencement.



Senior Year



Senior Year

Class Officers

President—JOSEPHINE PROUDFIT.
Vice-President—MARGARET COPELAND.
Secretary—LOUISE HYMAN.

Offices Held by the Class

Self-Government—*President*, J. MORRIS; *Vice-President*, LOUISE MILLIGAN.
Undergraduate Association—*President*, M. PLAISTED.
Athletic Association—*President*, M. YOUNG; *Indoor Manager*, L. SHARPLESS.
Lantern—*Editor-in-Chief*, MARGARET FRANKLIN; *Editors*, THERESA HELBURN, LOUISE FOLEY; *Business Manager*, MAYONE LEWIS.
Tipyn o' Bob—*Editor-in-Chief*, T. HELBURN (resigned), M. PLAISTED; *Editor*, LOUISE FOLEY; *Business Manager*, L. CONGDON.
Law Club—*Vice-President*, L. HYMAN.
Philosophical Club—*President*, LOUISE FOLEY.
English Club—*President*, LOUISE FOLEY.
Christian Union—*President*, L. MILLIGAN.
League—*President*, A. WELLES; *Vice-President*, D. MERLE-SMITH.
Glee Club—*Leader*, D. MERLE-SMITH.
Trophy Club—*President*, M. COPELAND.
German Club—*President*, F. LEXOW; *Secretary*, E. BRYANT.
Oriental Club—*President*, MARJORIE WALLACE; *Vice-President*, L. SHARPLESS.
Equal Suffrage League—*President*, M. C. LEWIS.
Varsity Hockey—*Captain*, L. SHARPLESS.
Varsity Basket-Ball—*Captain*, M. PLAISTED.
Consumers' League—*President*, L. CONGDON.



The Federated Females

Fortunately Miss Thomas had announced in Chapel that morning that the delegates to the annual or centennial or something-or-other meeting of the Federation of Women's Clubs would visit the college, lecture in Chapel, and be teaed in Pembroke, or we should have been quite overwhelmed by the stream of women, old and young (mostly old), fat and thin (mostly fat), dressy and frumpy (mostly decidedly frumpy) that inundated the campus that November afternoon. They would issue from Taylor in groups of twos and threes, and seize upon the student guide with some such words as these:

"I'm Mrs. John Smith, from Nuttyville, Pa., and this is Mrs. Jones, the president of our Nuttyville Ladies' Culture Union. That place in there is so crowded, and that man's only talking about civic improvements, and that's just what we studied in the Union last winter, and so we know all about it anyhow, and so we thought we'd just come out and go to tea to that place your president mentioned; we didn't have a bit of lunch, and I'm nearly faint——"

As she paused for breath you tactfully interposed the suggestion that she might want to see some of the other buildings first?

"Well," Mrs. Jones reluctantly consented, and you began the rounds. "This is the library ——," but Mrs. Smith interposed with the acute observation: "What makes you call it a library? I don't see any books anywhere." Unable to refute this statement, you fell back upon the beauties of the cloisters, but as they had eyes for nothing but the brazen glories of Elizabeth Duane Gillespie's breast-plate, you felt that even this resource failed. It was no better in the halls. They refused to be impressed with Minerva, the owls, daisies and lanterns, or even the Rockefeller washstands, although Mrs. Smith manifested great interest in the photographs on Nellie Seeds' bureau. "It's not her brother, *I* bet," she facetiously remarked, and though Mrs. Jones was "awfully taken," as she expressed it with that curious chair of Copey's, their minds were set upon Pembroke and tea.

Alas for their disappointment, when one, upon arriving there, could only desert them on the outskirts of that fighting mob. Returning from the fray in half an hour, torn and disheveled, triumphantly bearing a cup of tea and three macaroons, you were frigidly addressed by Mrs. Smith, "I *always* take *lemon* in mine," and by Mrs. Jones, "Thank you, I'd *rather* have a sandwich;" and as you wearily retreated you heard Mrs. Jones remark: "The idea! Look at those girls eating round that tea-table, and we don't get a thing." Mrs. Smith, however, was gentler, and calling me back, said I was a dear girl to show them round, and extended a cordial invitation to look her up if ever I came to Nuttyville, Pa.

EDITH CHAMBERS.

Orals

Listen, oh Classmates, and you shall hear
Of the terrible Orals of Senior Year,
In early October, 1908,
Who does not remember the date?
The *dates*, I may say, of that famous year.

I said to my friends when first I went in
To that awful place you all know well,
"Orals aren't hard, of course I'll win,"
But I changed my mind quickly, completely, for—well
These are a few of the horrors of Taylor
The horrors that come when the Dean decrees, "Fail 'er."

I climbed each time, my breath all but gone,
By the wooden stairs with stealthy tread,
To Miss Lawther's office overhead,
And startled those who since early dawn
Had been cramming like mad
For Bryn Mawr's worst fad.

It is my turn now, and I'm ushered in
To the fires of hell, where all of you've been—
But a moment only I feel the spell
Of the place, and the hour, and the secret dread
Of the horrible office furnished in red;
For suddenly all my thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something near at hand,
Where lines of unknown Dutch words stand,
Those lines of black that dance and spin,
Before my brain fast growing dim.

That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of an A. B. was having a fight,
And the spark struck out by that oral so hard,
Kindled Bryn Mawr into flame with its heat.

You know the rest by the marks you have read,
How the Bryn Mawr Seniors flunked and fled,
How Foulet gave them awful things,
And Jessen's voice—well that still rings,
Saying in tones that break the strain,
"I think, Miss Blank, you must come again."

And so, through the year went 1908,
Tutoring, studying, sitting up late,
For that word, "failed," is an awful bore,
And a word that shall echo for evermore.
For borne on the nightwind of the Past,
Through all our history to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need
We all shall waken and listen to hear,
Miss Thomas's voice sombre and drear.
And now I propose before I sit down
In drink, the Orals deep to drown.

FRANCES PASSMORE.

Class Teas

I have a surprise for my dear classmates to-night—*this* speech is not in poetry. There is one more thing I want to say before I begin the carefully composed part of my toast. When Terry came to East to-night to see how I was coming on, she forgot to bring her printed list of jokes, so I had only my own to fall back upon and they aren't nearly so well authenticated.

Last night, in the middle of the night, I was stricken with fear, for despite my Sunday evening attempts, I feel very inexperienced in speech-making; and even my Sunday evening reputation has declined since the arrival of Miss Parkhurst. When I was so terrified, I contemplated crossing the dining-room to tell Marjorie that I could not speak to-night, braving the terrors of Martha Thomas Nazimova (I suppose you have noticed the hair and eyebrows). But then I remembered that Bryn Mawr ideal—the true sport—and I determined for once to live up to it. Personally I consider the true sport a great bore, you can always tell exactly how she will react to any situation.

I am sorry that I can't begin this speech by saying that I hadn't thought a word of it until twenty minutes ago, for that, I learned on the day that Nineteen-Five said good-bye to the halls, is the proper opening. But true sports don't lie and I may frankly say that for half a night and a whole day I have been thinking very seriously of all the jokes I have ever heard—or made.

I was undecided for a time whether to be stupid or shocking, for I know you can't be both. I was, moreover, in the very peculiar quandary of being terrified of Martha and Louise Milligan at the same time. Milly has taken, of late, a deep interest in my spiritual welfare, and she asked me once to stop corrupting Louise Carey's morals. She should, as a matter of fact, have told Louise Carey to stop corrupting Miss Donnelly's with scandalous bits from Baltimore society. Well, Milly said she would tell Dr. Barton if I were one of these two things, and Martha said she would tell Miss Fullerton if I were the other. So I leave you to discover whether I love Milly more or Martha less.

My material is somewhat limited, for I have been to only a few class teas, and my experiences at those were not conducive to further social attempts. My first tea was in Merion. I went early while the food was still abundant and consumed many sandwiches. Suddenly I overheard a whispered conversation as to whether the food would last until every one had been there, and in confusion I departed, lest I should reduce my hungry classmates to the condition of the greedy bird who, seeing a little boy below him devouring an apple, said: "Say, little boy, save me the worms?" That's a horrid story, I know, but olives and cheese appear in class tea sandwiches quite as often as worms in apples.

I must hasten on to my next experience, for I feel in regard to my material as the Irishman did to his paints when some one asked him why he was painting a house so furiously, and he replied: "Sure'n I want to finish it before me paint runs out." The next tea I had the misfortune to be at was in East. Here I was cruelly treated and I am sure I don't know why, because when I was asked to help make sandwiches, I said I would—I always do so. I began to eat immediately upon my arrival, as I supposed one always did at teas, but I was quickly interrupted by the whispered information that East wasn't eating. Certainly I was not treated with that sympathetic politeness that Pat showed Mike when they stopped over night at an inn with their one piece of luggage, a large brown jug. They agreed that they would not begin on the jug until the next day and they bestowed it in a corner of the room. But in the middle of the night Mike's thirst got the better of him and he began on the jug. Finding the contents rather warm, he placed the jug on the window-sill and returned to bed. Some time later he was awakened by a falling chair, and looking about, he saw Pat groping in the corner. "What are yez lookin' for, Pat?" he asked. "O nuthin'."

"Well, yez'll find it in the window."

My cup of bitterness was now full, and lest it run over, I refrained from appearing at other teas. I should not have dared to take food, and one of my hostesses might have said to me what the little boy said to the minister. He was a very talkative and profane little boy, so when the minister came to dine, his mother promised him a pony-cart if he would not speak. The minister did not take soup because it was too hot, nor fish because it gave him a strawberry rash.

At this the boy looked as if he had something to say, but he restrained himself. The minister ate no meat because he was a vegetarian, and no ice-cream because it was too cold. The boy could no longer endure it, and shouted: "Pony-cart or no pony-cart, ask the damn cuss if he'll suck an egg."

But now I sincerely wish that I had gone to all the class teas, that I had seen what I could of dear 1908 before this fearful avalanche of Gozy and Posy and Dilly and Cricky and Freddy and Jonesy had descended upon us. The *alumnæ* are here, I all too sadly realize. They invade even the sanctity of pink and white apartments in Low Buildings with perfect ease and freedom, where the Senior foot hesitates to enter. I have seen, I believe, a gloomy pall settle upon the countenances of the Senior Class, on all save one; that one smiles *joyously* and the foot that belongs to it steps *bravely* through the ranks of the invaders. We all know the *alumnæ*, we can detect them by their desperate gaiety.

Alumnæ at the present moment are a tender point with me, but any resentment I may feel is lost in the greater emotion of being here with all my class and being allowed to eat in peace. I feel, indeed, like the girl who, enamoured of Venice, "lay on the grand canal, drinking it all in, and life never seemed so full before."

Now that this speech is about to end, I hope you will all give me a little kind encouragement in my maiden effort, so that I may feel like (I don't know how many people I've had to feel like to meet the exigencies of what I consider a proper toast), but, at any rate, I want to feel like the Irishman who, much taken with a pair of boots a size too small for him, bought them, remarking that after he had worn them a few times he could get into them.

I must add one more instance from Celtic literature, in case you can't give me any encouragement. When Pat died he appeared, with characteristic impudence, at the gate of heaven. "I'm sorry, Pat," said St. Peter, "that you can't come in here. By your actions on earth you have denied the Lord."

"No hope, St. Peter?"

"None."

Thereupon, Pat withdrew to a distance and crowed thrice like a cock.

"Come in, Pat, come in," said the saint; "we'll let by-gones be by-gones."

LOUISE FOLEY.

Graduate Fellowships

Bryn Mawr European Fellow—MAYONE LEWIS.

Scholar in Greek—ELEANOR RAMBO.

Scholar in Latin—ELIZABETH FOSTER.

The Ten

MAYONE LEWIS.

DOROTHY MORT.

ADDA ELDREDGE.

MARY KINSLEY.

LOUISE HYMAN.

ANNA KING.

ETHEL VICK.

MABEL FREHAFFER.

HELEN NORTH.

MARGARET LEWIS.

Nineteen Eight's Fellowship Dinner

On Monday, the 23d of March, 1908, a distinguished assembly met for dinner in Denbigh Hall. A grey-haired lady of dignified presence, wearing cap and gown, led the procession as it entered the dining-room, and seated herself at the head of the first table. She was respectfully addressed by everyone as President Thomas. Close behind her came her faithful assistants, Miss Garrett and Miss Madison. Mr. Samuel Arthur King, of great fame, took his place at the same table. Dr. Barnes, the Bryn Mawr infant prodigy; Mrs. De Laguna, a rising star in the world of philosophy and domestic science, and Gym Kate, a prominent figure in the history of Bryn Mawr College, were among the celebrities in Miss Thomas's train. With them

came a group of classic-browed maidens, wearing in sign of their intellectual achievements the laurel wreath of ancient Greece. These were the European fellow and her associates. Their names, known already to many, will be found ten years hence in "Who's Who."

Other women and men of distinction filed into the dining-room in such rapid succession that one despaired of naming them all. Many departments of science and of letters were illustriously represented. The English lights of Bryn Mawr, Miss Donnelly, Miss Hoyt, Miss Fullerton and Dr. Clark, were all present. The entire departments of Biology, of Greek, of Philosophy, of Italian, of Semitic Languages, and of Physical Culture, could be seen; and if any stranger had enjoyed the privilege of witnessing this great gathering of leaders of thought, he would have had cause to marvel, not only at the eminence and dignity of their appearance, but also at the wealth of the College which could maintain so many highly-salaried professors in one department.

An address by Miss Thomas opened the events of the evening. Speeches followed from the laurel-crowned European fellow and from the celery-adorned Ideal Fellow, which proved that the gift of wit characterised the illustrious Class of 1908, from the first of its candidates for world-wide fame to the last of its Submerged Ten.

The faculty now addressed the gathering. Miss Donnelly was kind enough to stand on her chair and make a few remarks, at the close of which she read in sweet, low tones that beautiful poem by Wordsworth, "We Are Seven." She also repeated a conversation which she and Miss Hoyt had on the subject of their evening meal; "Cream-Puffs versus Steaks," one might entitle it. Miss Hoyt, following her friend's example, was obliging enough to express her opinion on the subject of Margaret Franklin's letters and of 1908's supper-parties to their English Readers. Dr. Holbrook, greatly to the edification of the assembly, read a long passage from Dante. Dr. Jessen, gorgeous in a red sweater which showed to advantage the length of his neck and the muscular development of his arms, made some remarks introductory to a lecture. Mr. King gave a few words of instruction on the subject of pitch, which he graphically illustrated by singing a musical arpeggio. Dr. Sanders, nasal and witty as usual, held with one of his pupils a lesson in translation from Homer. Dr. Barton, gentle and tall, accompanied by his devoted poodle, announced, as he

is wont to do to his eager audience in Chapel, that "President Thomas will be unable to keep her office hours this morning."

A remarkable experiment was performed by Dr. Warren, which taxed to an alarming degree his capacity for blowing; the guests, in fact, grew breathless in suspense, fearing lest his fate should resemble that of Roland of old. It was with unspeakable relief that they saw him recover his normal color and proportions of face, and became assured that he would be able to conduct the Commencement ceremonies for the Class of 1908 with the precise and quiet manner for which he had won fame in the past. Dr. De Laguna, after walking up and down the room with his wife, pushing the baby carriage in which reposed Frederika, told, with his amiable smile, about the race between the little hand and the big hand of the watch. Finally, *spirituel* Mr. Schinz rose upon his chair and introduced, with many a flourish of the hand, his sportsmanlike wife and his demure daughter, both of whom, as one would naturally expect, are women of large and stately proportions.

Others of the guests, who could not be persuaded to overcome their aversion to public speaking, consented to walk the length of the dining-room. Dr. Tennent left his chair, and though he dared not raise his eyes, took a few steps in full view of the whole gathering. Dr. Clark, light of foot and graceful as a swan, went across the room to Miss Donnelly and offered her a flower. Mrs. Wright and Miss Nicolay promenaded together with firm and ponderous step. Gym Kate and the Amazon, walking side by side, gave an effective illustration of the law of contrasts.

Lastly, Miss Sisson, leaving her place by Miss Applebee, held a dancing class in the center of the room, to which a privileged few such as Miss Donnelly, Miss Nicolay, and Drs. Tennent, Jessen and Clark, were invited to belong. The merriment of the guests on witnessing this event was so uncontrolled that President Thomas soon called them to order and broke up the dinner.

ANNA WELLES.

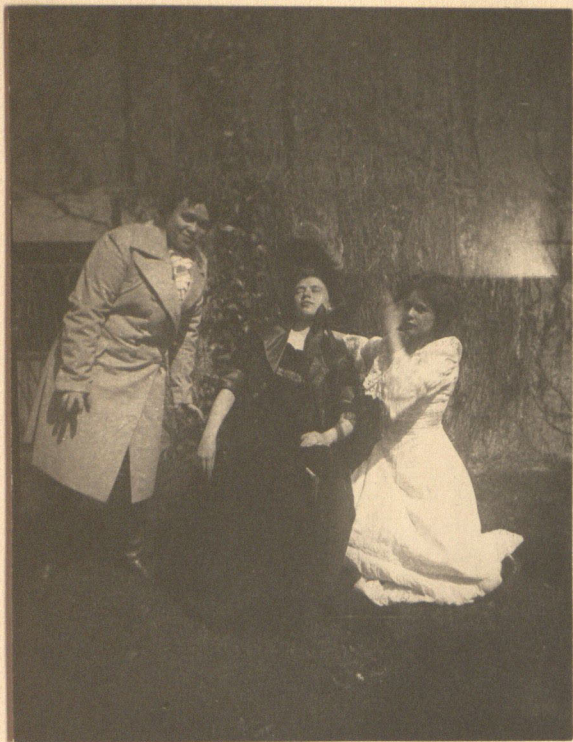
La Bataille des Dames

April eleventh saw "the positively last appearance" of 1908 behind the footlights in the old Gym. Our choice of *La Bataille des Dames* indicated not so much our unflagging devotion to the cause of foreign languages as our general sense of being "up against it." The stern mandate of only ten hours' rehearsal had downed *You Never Can Tell*, *Candida*, and numerous other suggestions, despite the vigorous protests of the sponsors of the same. The committee had selected a farce, which "could be cast without Emily Fox"—(calamitous necessity!). This was rejected as unworthy, not only of our efforts, but of the admission to be charged to all except 1909 for the benefit of the new Gym.

In the midst of the general perplexity, Rockefeller, headed by energetic Louise Congdon, came to the rescue with a volunteered translation of Scribe's play. This was accepted, and when the evening came, it proved, despite Rose's solemn assertion that the prospect made her "perfectly petrified with fright," cheerfully successful. True, the student spectator missed our pristine stars, Emily Fox and Terry; but Rose as Gustave de Grignon, the incomparable mixture of courage and prudence, and Dorothy Merle-Smith as the naive Leonie, who, when she fell from her horse, could not answer her lover's protestations, because, of course, she was unconscious, were unceasingly delightful. It was a bit strange to see Myra in a comparatively elderly role. *La Comtesse d'Autreval* is the only really developed character in the rather sketchy play. Myra represented her well in her shifting moods, now mildly mocking, now proudly imperious, ever self-controlled and on the alert, a little egoistic, perhaps, but altogether charming and insuperable. Marjorie made a perfectly adorable young hero, whose only perceptible fault was his somewhat wilful indifference to his hostess's charms. The villain and the dragoons added the proper spice of adventure.

Altogether the class was justified in its pride in its last performance, a pride tinged a little with sadness, for, like the Countess in the play, we were soon to yield place to a younger, yet like her, too, we had only the best of wishes for the future of that other, the class of 1909.

ELEANOR F. RAMBO.



Senior Receptions

Senior receptions constituted my first social intercourse with Miss Thomas, and as I walked up the path to Cartref and peeped in the window to make sure I was not the first arrival, I experienced all the sensations that one feels in the face of the mysterious and the unknown.

I spent a few minutes in the sacred precincts of the guest room, putting the last finishing touches to my "best bib and tucker," and giving several little pats to the knot which, considering the care expended on it, should have been Greek enough to grace the head of Psyche or Mary Waller. Then I descended and made my entry into the "charmed circle." Just as soon as I could I made my way to a safe little corner of the window-seat, there to recuperate from my first embarrassment and increase my already high temperature by some hot chocolate. Elsa Norton, my neighbor, was using the back of her spoon instead of the front, and then was wondering why she didn't get any of the delicious coffee. Myra Eliot, resplendent in her new pearl earrings, was sitting in the center of the room and, wonder of wonders, was saying nothing. (I am inclined to think her silence was due, not to fright, but to isolation.) Fanny Passmore, the undaunted, however, was sustaining her reputation. She and the President were engaged in a lively conversation, and several times Miss Thomas threw back her head and laughed as heartily as Fanny did. I wished it were my turn to progress toward the tea table, that I might enjoy the jokes. All I heard was Fanny's closing remark: "Well, I shall see you next Saturday. I hope it will be as pleasant an occasion as this."

The arrival of Miss Donnelly and Miss Reilly soon gave us all a pleasant surprise. Even poor Lucy Carner was delighted, though every "Lucy" uttered by Miss Thomas sent a nervous thrill through her. But she escaped the danger of answering when she wasn't addressed by betaking herself to the dining-room the first chance she got. There we all could forget our trials and the epicures of the class had splendid opportunities.

SARAH GOLDSMITH.

Junior-Senior Supper Play

Among the ceremonies which we like best to remember as we look back at all the varying experiences of college years is the Junior-Senior Supper given to us by the Class of 1909. Because it carried a double force, perhaps, it seemed peculiarly dear to us. At once a beautiful thing in itself, appealing on purely æsthetic grounds, it was further animated by that spirit, too often strikingly absent in ceremonies, which gave full significance to the exchange of friendly vows and confirmed a bond that was already close.

As we think over the evening, the first image that naturally rises in our memory is the exquisite production of "Romeo and Juliet," given by the Class of 1909. One can hardly, in a short space, do adequate justice to a performance on which so much time and thought were spent.

Many of us perhaps had not seen "Romeo and Juliet" acted before, and such, I fancy, will prefer never to have this single impression marred. All other Juliets must seem earthborn beside the exquisite, youthful elf who whispered her love confession over the balcony of the Capulet mansion in dreamy ecstasy, and made dainty sport of the old nurse in the palace garden. How stagey would all other Romeos appear after this ardent lover who put a sincerity of conviction into the music of his lines that made the somewhat pallid hero of Shakspeare a fervent reality! Then there was Mercutio, charming witty Mercutio, so light and graceful that he seemed to trip across our vision as airily as his own Queen Mab. There was the crotchety old nurse, with her giggling attendant, Peter; the partisan retainers who gave a touch of comedy to the play, while always subordinating their parts to the chief action. Yet again there was Friar Lawrence, and the droll Capulets and Montagues, Paris, the chivalrous gentleman, the heady Tybalt and Benvolio, the loyal friend, with the grim and ghastly apothecary, each earnest in his role.

Perhaps the most striking feature of the performance was the perfection of detail in stage pictures and by-play, and the remarkable ensemble of the whole caste.

Yet any summary of the play must seem cold when compared with our memory image, suffused as it is by the genial spirit that animated the evening, and intertwined with so many friendly recollections. The passing of the loving cup from which each Senior and each Junior plucked a daisy, was a charming symbol of the pleasant associations that we had gleaned like flowers during the three years over which we had wandered together. Yet what need to recall a scene that will linger fondly in the thoughts of each member of the Class of 1908!

AGNES GOLDMAN.



Behind the Scenes

"When first we came to college we thought everything was great," and college business and college affairs seemed carried on with majestic smoothness. Self-gov. moved in a mysterious way its business to perform; plays spontaneously kindled those high and purifying passions that lift the individual into the universal. Only through long experience do you learn the cares and agonies, the heart-burnings and heart-rendings, the tribulations of mind and body, the stress of soul, the Sturm und Drang with which these results are obtained.

Look behind the scenes! Before the play such conversation as this goes on:

Fatty.—"I am the only one here in a good humour. Cad, drop that hammer."

Jack.—"I'd like to know who's running this show."

Cad.—"Fatty's lost her temper again."

Fatty.—"I wouldn't mind the temper if I could only find the curtain rings."

D.—"*Who's* taken the Princesse lilies?"

Jack.—"Oh the *Bill*, we must fix that door. Heavens, there goes the bell."

Between the Acts.

Jack.—"Mary, put up that ladder."

Mary.—"Well, I am doing it just as fast as I can, Jack."

Jack.—"Cad, take down the scenery. Iny, put up the trees. Lyd, don't stand there doing nothing."

D.—"Myra, your jewels are in the pickle-jar. Cad, *please* don't move that scarf, it's *just* where I want it."

During the Act.

Cad.—"Tums, *don't* lean on that hedge."

Jack.—"There goes a tree!"

Cad.—"Someone go help Cal and her train through that door."

D.—"Heavens, Myra's coming through!"

pp p. 55 Jacq. Morris
from Villanov family
Anchor, became worldly
broken cricket star

m. Edmund Evans, also Anchor -
worked in cause of peace

5 children, m. Rhodes Wd '36
scholar, ecologist
m. Rachel Brooks

But all these griefs seem small when compared perforce with Self-government.

"Will the meeting please come to order. All matters discussed are regarded as strictly confidential. I will ask the secretary to read extracts from the minutes."

1911 requested that Rule 718 be interpreted in such a way that a blind musician be allowed to play during the first act of the Freshman show. Upon Miss Milligan's objecting that no one would know he was blind, permission was refused.

The question was brought up as to what and how many presents could be bestowed upon a student by a member of the faculty, and whether this constituted a social engagement. Miss Richter reported to the Board that books, flowers, and candy were allowable, but jewelry and dish-pans could be given only by a fiance. The question arose *apropos* of Miss Mort's private interviews with a member of the faculty, but Miss Richter's timely information exonerated her.

Miss Milligan felt it her conscientious duty to report to the Board that she had inadvertently gone to bed the night before with nothing on but her nightgown. She feared that this might establish a precedent which, in a case of sudden illness, might reflect upon the college. The Board sent her its most formal reprimand.

JACQUELINE P. MORRIS.



Senior Class Supper

In looking back upon the maddening throng of events which were crowded into those four short days of Commencement Week, Senior Class Supper stands apart as an evening of perfect serenity and happiness. There was no wild rush or false ceremony about it, and contentment was the keynote of the festivity. When the doors of Pembroke dining-room were finally closed and for the first and the last time we were left absolutely alone with no one to watch us or spoil our sense of complete freedom, a wave of wild hilarity burst forth. Marjorie Young, as toastmistress, encouraged this spirit of gaiety and good humor, and by her clever arrangement of toasts and informal fun made the evening one of entire success. Inimitable story-teller always, she surpassed herself that night, and provoked a gale of laughter each time she arose to introduce a new speaker. Thus inspired, the toasts were the best we have ever had, and even Louise Foley made a long and humorous address without once stopping in terror to ask Martha what she had planned to say next. Occasional serious moments came—as once when we sat in absolute silence to hear 1909 sing their Junior-Senior Supper song on the quiet campus below Pembroke, but the merriment burst forth all the gayer immediately after, to dry any hidden tears.

But at last our fun and high spirits were exhausted, and our march to Rockefeller in the still night, as we sang "Pallas Athena," brought us in a fitting frame of mind to the impressive ceremony of planting the class tree. Advancing one by one from the wide circle about our elm, we dropped our pennies at the base of the tree while the class sang its toast of good-fellowship to each in turn. Then in earnest and solemn tones we sang our class song together, feeling with keenness the actual pain of separation, but realizing for the first time with surety the greater joy of the friendships which in the days to come would keep alive our affection and love for Bryn Mawr and for our class.

JOSEPHINE V. PROUDFIT.

The President's Luncheon

1908 arrayed itself in such becoming clothes on that memorable June day, that no one would ever have recognized it. The best indication of the really extraordinarily impressive appearance it presented as it started out, was 1908's own amazement at itself,—for 1908 has never had a way of manifesting surprise at its own superiority in any line. For once, however, we *were* surprised, and we talked about it a great deal. Perhaps we shall talk about it still, at our tenth reunion.

The President received the decorative Senior Class in Cartreff, where we chatted for a few minutes before parading to Dolgelly. There, on the piazza, was the banqueting apparatus, if I may be allowed the expression, making as delightful a showing as did 1908 itself. A fresh breeze rustled through the trees around the porch, and the world had a gay look which almost equalled the gewgaws and laces, and the smiles on the faces, of 1908, *Gadzook!*

Each of us has our own particular association with that day, I know, but perhaps the strongest feeling we carried away with us was a sense of new responsibility. The eagerness with which our suggestions were received by the President, and her discussion of them, which so often showed that she had already considered the points we brought up then, made us all realize more than ever her thoughtfulness and vigilance for the best interest of the college, and our duty as alumnae to support it and her. We felt then that 1908's importance did not cease with graduating, and 1908 has always loved to feel important.

Who will not remember and applaud the suggestions we made then? Who does not sympathize with Marjorie's desire for a package delivery, for who has not trudged to the station, counting the weary steps, in the pouring rain or in the sizzling heat? Who has not quailed before the gruff dragon who guarded our Hallowellian—not Hesperian—apples, when he persistently answered "Not here yet, Miss," and when you knew they *were* there?

Who, again, has not looked blankly at the photographs in Taylor, appealing in vain to marble Pallas Athene for enlightenment, and longing to know the identity of the coy lady in Room B, who bears so striking a resemblance, in feature, to our Elocution King?

Of the memories of our last week in college, no one will say that the President's Luncheon is least happy. Many, I am sure, think of it as the best of all.

MARGARET CHARLTON LEWIS.

The Last Class Meeting

The last meeting of the Senior Class was held in Pembroke East on Friday, June 5th, at 9 A. M. The president endeavored to preside, but owing to the early hour and other unusual circumstances the meeting was an unruly one. The first exception in the usual order of procedure was the reading of the minutes, an event unheard of in previous class meetings. To bring an air of familiarity into the meeting, however, an assessment of a large amount was laid upon the class. This motion naturally aroused vociferous discussion, in the process of which it was discovered that wedding presents were one of the determining factors in necessitating this assessment. Whereupon Miss Congdon rose with dignity and moved that no member of the class get married, so that no wedding presents would have to be given. Nineteen-Eight, displaying its usual broadmindedness and flexibility of opinion, unanimously passed the motion, and then cast a unanimous vote defeating it.

The next business was the election of permanent officers. Of course Josephine Proudfit was elected President, with duties of Secretary. But there seemed to be some doubt as to Treasurer. The candidates, Jack Morris, Margaret Copeland and Louise Hyman, left the room and spent the time of the election praying quite sincerely for the success of anyone but their own respective selves. Louise Hyman was elected.

The meeting then proceeded to the serious business of life, namely, reunions. The motion was made and carried that we "re-une" in the first, second, third, fifth, tenth, fifteenth, twentieth, twenty-fifth, thirtieth, thirty-fifth, fortieth years, ad infinitum. After that the meeting degenerated into a contest of voice production, and the last class meeting, which should have been a serious, weighty affair, broke up in an atmosphere of unmistakable hilarity.

LOUISE HYMAN.

Class History

What shall I say in this Class History
When I so many talents do descry
That I, perforce, must needs discriminate
In talking of the virtues of 'o8?

In Freshman year one trait began to show—
Our modesty, which, as all classes know,
Sets us apart. You ne'er did hear us say
We were the greatest class for many a day;
But always with meek eyes us walked apart,
Concealed the flutter of each Freshman heart.
Rose, to be sure, did scan sweet Kempie's face
And Mel watched from afar dear Isi's grace.
But never did we so ourselves demean
That, like small Scott, we called our Lydies, queen.
In this year too we laid the cornerstone
Of our dramatic fame, when all alone
We left the Students' Building towering high
And of its story made blood tragedy
To rival Seneca, whose savage hinds
And suicides grim impressed our Freshman minds.

Anon as Sophomores we did all return
To make the Freshman Class meeting adjourn,
And tease the silly things when through the halls
They marched behind 'o7—firm as walls,
With Peggy Ayer and Eunice at the head
Shouting "amo, amas," for the dear red.
'Twas an eventful year from first to last.
We lightly touched on Shakspeare as we passed
And thought for our part with great satisfaction
That it displayed most excellent good action.
The tale of May day I shan't deal with here,
It needs no record, that absurd half-year;
For some things lie too deep for tears, they say,
Ask Terry—for she knows Miss Donnelay.

And here I well might mention by the bye
The English students with standards so high
That, think, we all can see them day by day,
Terry, Louise, and Margaret, and Marthay,
Go trooping down the hill with dignity
To talk with Kitty-Full and have some tea.
("Obnoxious girls, but I require tea.")

Enough of this, I hear you now exclaim.
So say I too, but still remains a claim.
Junior and Senior years have passed too
And need some comment, though that fact I rue.
Dramatics need small mention, for their fame
Had grown hereditary to our name,
Though Mr. King after the wond'rous feat
Of Romeo, showed us—politely—a back seat.
But ever in our own good estimation
"Princesse Lorraine" will hold the highest station
With spotless sailors, of their rags a-moaning
And Tums and Myra of high passions groaning
While Nellie Seeds dissolved in tears exclaimed
To all around, she'd never been so pained.
Pained were we all after the play was o'er.
'Twas basket-ball—and Martie was no more!
In the Infirmary she did lie and moan
While we remained to face the fight alone.
We won the fight for Martie and the Blue—
To sentimentalize, I leave to you.

With Senior year the hockey victory came,
Lyd added that new honor to our name,
But not for long were we allowed to rejoice;
Stern Duty called us soon, with foreign voice.
Orals of course monopolized our minds,
We sat up late, forgot to draw the blinds.
'Twas spoken of in chapel: Fancy how
The lurking loafers watch you knit your brow!

We drew the blinds, stopped indoor cheering too,
And so Jack Morris did at last get through
Her orals. And when we all had come out whole
How we our hoops along the roads did roll!
Such dignity we had not hoped to attain
But thought that one year longer we'd remain.
But no, though all too pleasant that might be,
'Tis over now, and we grasp our degree.
So now 'tis time to end this tale of mine
(It's well, because I'm running out of rhyme)
With the last hope that there may never be
A sad tale to put in our history.
Just say, it seems to us at any rate
No class could ever equal Nineteen-Eight.

LOUISE HYMAN.

Class Prophecy

Looking Forward

It was on my way back from my explorations in Central Asia, whither I had gone with a band of death-seeking pessimists, in order to live down the reputation which had been thrust upon me at college, that I found myself one day wandering idly through a grove on one of the islands of Greece. Tired by the strain of being continuously serious during the last long months, I was about to fling myself on the ground to sleep when a singular apparition confronted me. Not ten feet away on a little mound sat a tiny wizened old lady in the strangest of costumes. A garment that had evidently once been the classic draperies of ancient Greece was now belted in beneath the arms of this curious creature in a rakish attempt at a *Directoire*, and on her head was perched an unmistakable *Merry Widow*, woven

entirely of laurel leaves. She greeted me affably and quite as a matter of course, and bidding me sit down beside her, began to question me about the fashions of the great world. I was unfortunately unable to give her the information she demanded, and pleaded my long absence from civilization as an excuse. She sighed irritably. "I haven't had a bit of news since the last of the Vestal Virgins departed in 1908." I might have guessed the year by her costume, but her words started me on a different train of thought. Vestal Virgins and Bryn Mawr were inextricably connected in my mind and I said as much to the old lady. At this she sat up quite straight and appeared to grow quite excited. "I have a grudge against you, then," said she. "It was in 1908 that we first got wind of the new organisation, and the old Vestal Virgins threw up their jobs, declaring that they had been at it long enough, that they had been working overtime, and that the new union could take their place. Whereupon they eloped with the few surviving fauns and satyrs and have never been heard of since. It was, I assure you, quite hard on me."

"And you?" I queried, "who are you?"

She gazed at me a moment in disdainful surprise. Then she said: "This is the island of Delphos and I am the Priestess of the Oracle. You're very ignorant, I see, but I thought you might have known that."

"I know nothing and you know everything, Priestess," I began tactfully for I had a favor to ask. "Can you, then, of your great wisdom tell me something of the Class of 1908 and why it has been so unfortunate as to incur your wrath?"

"So many of them have been untrue to their vows," she answered tersely. "It least 70 per cent have married."

"Really!" I cried, delighted. "Tell me who."

The Priestess bent and applied her mouth to a little tube coming out of the ground beside her, which I noticed now for the first time. She seemed to be inhaling long draughts of something, and I sat silent, waiting for her to finish. In a few minutes she sat up again and continued our conversation as if it had never been interrupted.

"I can't begin to tell you of them," she said. "In the first place there is Anna Dunham."

"To whom——," I began impetuously.

"She is of course happily married to one of her former professors and the house is now filled with a number of little tenants. Then there

are others happily married, among them Alice Sachs, Nellie Seeds, Florence Lexow, Kate Bryan, Madeleine Fauvre, Betty Foster, and of course Linda Schaeffer. I suppose you have heard about her wedding, and how for a honeymoon she and her husband swam around Hawaii. It was quite an event down there I am told. All their friends came out from the different ports and fed them with olives and doughnuts as they passed.

"A certain number have, however, naturally come to grief in the matrimonial way. It's only poetic justice after breaking their Vestal vows. Let me see, there is Caroline Schock, her husband never got over her name, and Adelaide Case, poor thing! her husband drinks. You can imagine what a blow that is to Adelaide. Mildred Bishop makes her husband follow her continually around from one tennis tournament to another. He can't of course keep up any business, and they have to live on what they can get from pawning the cups she wins."

Here I broke in and began to ask about various individuals, and this is what I learned: Mayone Lewis, to my great surprise, had given up the intellectual life, finding it held no charms for her, and had gone into business, where she had made millions. Her pictures are now in every shop window as the inventor of the famous puzzle, "Thirteen Hippopotamuses in the Bathtub, or Who Has the Stopper?" Ethel Vick and Annie Jackson had also gone into business—hotel keeping—and owing to their training in matters of dinners and teas as undergraduates have made a great success.

Louise Milligan, I learned, had just received her promotion from a captaincy to a colonelship in the Salvation Army. Margaret Copeland was so imbued with the spirit of Trophy Club that after her graduation she became an inveterate souvenir hunter and was lately arrested for attempting surreptitiously to remove a hair from the head of George Bernard Shaw as he was addressing a Mothers' Meeting in Chicago. Rose Marsh had followed in the footsteps of her mother and was now President of the Federation of Women's Clubs, and as a stump speaker a rival of William Jennings Bryan. Anna Welles had had a most curious career. She married the Marquis de Tres-Gauche, a rather dissipated member of the French nobility, in the hope of

reforming him. The hope proved in vain, and Nanna is now, as report goes, leading a double life in Paris.

I was shocked and grieved to hear of the unfortunate case of Dorothy Mort, how she had been taking a walking trip through Switzerland with a certain gentleman of very euphonious initials, when down the Alpine Road in a large red touring car, gorgeously dressed, and with a guitar swung around her shoulders on a scarlet ribbon came Caroline McCook, plaintively singing a wistful Indian air. She seized upon Dorothy's companion and bore him triumphantly away, leaving the unfortunate maiden to draw from her pocket a little volume entitled the *Song of Life* and to seek consolation in *Divine Philosophy*.

From Caroline my thoughts turned naturally to Dorothy Merle-Smith. She it seemed had at last succeeded in capturing a duke and was often heard now, flitting about the ancestral halls of her husband's mansion, singing still her favorite little ditty, *Prendre un Mari*, etc.

When I asked for Mary Waller the Priestess slowly drew a card from under one of her draperies and handed it to me. It bore the following inscription:

MARY KIRK WALLER			
Baltimore	}	Society	Terms
New York			Reasonable
Chicago			

As for Louise Carey, she it seemed had had three husbands, and was now resting contentedly on her laurels.

I inquired next about Merion, and was told that Adda Eldredge and Lydia Sharpless had gone on the ballet stage. I was not surprised. They are now on the second row—with hopes. Fatty Chambers attends all their performances as a professional "rooter." They need it, and Fatty's laugh commands a high price.

Martha Plaisted, I learned, had soon tired of teaching and had accepted an offer with the Orpheum Circuit to tour in a one-act comedy piece entitled *Sweet Silly Cicely*. Of course Martha is a success in whatever she attempts. I believe she thinks of marrying *the angel*.

Margaret Franklin, I was glad to hear, had at last achieved her ambition, and is editing a paper. It is entitled, *The Needlewoman's Friend, or How to Run a Family on \$200 a Year*. Louise Hyman is the first woman to hold a chair in a man's university. She is the associate professor in economics at Harvard and could run the department if she would accept the proposals of the full professor. She won't because she is a member of the W. C. T. U. Helen Cadbury is practically carrying the weight of the endowment fund by the series of *Bryn-Mawr-Bread-and-Butteries* she has established along the Main Line. Cad, with her usual capability, makes all the sandwiches herself, and there is a motor constantly waiting to carry her from one establishment to another.

Jacqueline Morris is heir presumptive for the presidency—of Bryn Mawr, not the United States. Marjorie Young found she so enjoyed persuading people to spend their money that she went into the life insurance business, and is one of the most successful agents in the country.

Poor Anna Carrere had had the hardest time of all. I learned that she had fulfilled her dearest wish and married into the army. There, however, she was so poor that she had to take in sewing in order to keep herself supplied with Irish lace, and the strain rather unbalanced her mind. She was heard one day to remark that she was tired of trying to keep brass bands in their place with brass buttons, and shortly after committed suicide.

After this sad tale I was glad to hear that Frances Passmore had passed her bar examinations and won quite a name for herself in the profession.

It was even better to hear the good news about Louise Congdon. She is running a thriving baby-farm in the West, and taking an infinite amount of pleasure in it. The reports about Margaret Lewis were less pleasing. She spent three years studying for a Ph.D. and just before her thesis was completed eloped with a long-haired impressionistic artist. I was surprised to learn that Hazel Whitelaw was not married. Three times she had been engaged, but her insuperable conscientiousness caused her to break the engagement each time because she was still behind hand in her exercise and felt it imprudent to undertake any new responsibilities. She is now on a walking trip in the Himalayas.

Emily Fox found that neither society nor the drama offered a sufficient field for her talents, so she went on the operatic stage, and of course is felt by all to be a great addition to the musical world. Another friend who had turned to music was Virginia McKenney, who is now a well-known virtuoso on the ukulali.

When I asked what Louise Foley was doing there was no answer. I repeated my question several times but the Priestess remained silent. Finally, "Why do you say nothing?" I asked, exasperated. "Because it's true," replied my interlocutress, and I understood.

It was with some trepidation that I inquired about Josephine Proudfit, but I was pleased with the reply. It appeared that she had in turn refused two positions as Dean, one as Professor of Economics and one as President in various Western colleges, because, as she said, she had already been President of the Class of 1908 and did not care to lower her standard.

For some time the Priestess was reticent on the subject of Myra Elliot. Then she said she would tell me about her in confidence, and I am doing the same here. Myra, it seems, spurred on by an unusually histrionic instinct, made herself up to resemble a certain lady of distinction at Bryn Mawr, whom she had often imitated, and entered a roomful of students with a characteristic nervous shrug and slight stammer. Instead of being met by laughter and applause, she was astonished to see the company rise, suddenly subdued, to its feet. Intoxicated by her success she continued coolly to play the part even when the original herself came in to discover her. Her coolness won the day. She was adjudged "the real thing," and returning to Low Buildings, continued the academic work of the unfortunate lady who was doomed to wander over the world, henceforth as an imposter.

I was so stunned by this story of Myra's ingenuity that for a moment I shut my eyes and silently contemplated the idea. When I opened them again, to my horror the Priestess was gone.

"But the others," I cried. You haven't told me of many—of Melaine Atherton or Anna King or———" I stopped, for there was no answer. In despair I put my ear to the tube, which still remained sticking up out of the ground. There was a faint sound below, and with a last hope I called down: "Priestess, oh Priestess, won't you please tell me——." But here I stopped, for faintly from very far

came the unmistakable words in the universal nasal twang of the operator:

"Line is busy! Please ring off! Line is busy. Hang up the 'phone."

Theresa Helburn.

Margaret's Quest

There is a *Horribly Conscientious Woman*, a *Most Muscular Female*, named Margaret, who belongs to the glorious Class of 1908. Being a *Most Energetic Diligent Body*, and not *Liking to Shirk*, she *Accomplishes Wonderful Jobs* and, as she *Can Jump Gracefully*, she *Helps Run Gym*. For this reason, and because she is *Gentle and Winning* and *Merion's Chief Comfort*, she is selected to *Make Countless Journeys* to get money for the new Gym.

At Haverford College she meets a *Literary Freak* who *Masters Lexicons*, *Elects Divers Grammars* and *So Seldom Giggles* that to our *Man-Killing Westerner*, an *Eager Little Chatterbox*, who is the bane of the *Virtuous Selfgov Monitor*, he seems to be *An Emptyhead*. He presents to her a *Much Beloved Classmate* who is *Seeking Missionary Success*, but being a *Most Reposeful Mortal*, he is *Too Dreadfully Meek* to suit *A Giottoesque Woman*, who is after something more substantial than *Many Smiles Delightful*.

Temperamentally Happy, however, she *Maintains Cheerfulness*, and taking *Many Fussy Clothes*, proceeds to West Point, for she *Adores Many Cadets* and hopes she *Can Find Suitors*. Here a *Loving Coddler*, *Constantly Aspiring Matrimony*, *Manifests Great Admiration*. He *Adores Margaret Devotedly* and cries, "*Angelic Woman*, you are O. K. *Do Be Mine Is My Request*." Ever *Politely Virtuous* she *Manifests Much Kindness*, for she is *A Tender Critic* in *Judging People's Morals*, but *Makes a Kick* and utters *Musical Yells*, as she *Always Knows a Facetious Creature* and *Loathes Commonness*.

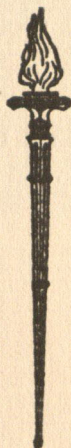
Again unsuccessful, but *Ever Freshly Radiant*, she goes to Harvard. Here she encounters a *Learned Prudent Senior* with a *Fiery Pate*, who *Does Marks Justice* in his *Many Pursuits*, for he *Constantly*

Favours Languages, Loves Equations Rapturously and Argues Gravely that Mathematics Kindle Fame. He is also a Most Rabid Biologist, of a Deeply Scientific nature, in short, a Microscopic Marvel. But no money here, as a Nearly Married Socialist, Mentally Luxuriantly Fertile, Enjoys Admonishing Frequently against such enterprises.

Ever Flooding Sunshine she proceeds to Yale Always Smiling. An Extremely Healthy, Hockey Smiter of Much Nice Weight who From Mississippi Wandered meets her at the train. Though he Detests Digging, he is Large Minded and does Much Class-book Labor and is Justly Very Popular, Rousing Great Merriment by Mimicking Everbody.

Ever Heartily Bright she Labored Hard for the Gym., but realizing that she has too Darn Many Suitors, the Merry Westerner, Heeds Venus Now, Keeps Her Beau and Lives Remarkably Calmly for ever after.

FRANCES PASSMORE.



Senior Year

Hockey

1908 vs. 1909 and 1910.

1908.	1909.	1910.
T. Helburn	F. Brown	H. Hardenbergh
M. Washburn	S. Putnam	M. Ashley
J. Morris	A. Platt	M. Kirk (Capt.)
J. Griffith	A. Whitney	F. Hearne
H. Cadbury	K. Ecob	J. Thompson
M. Copeland	H. Crane	G. Kingsbacher
L. Sharpless (Capt.)	M. Nearing (Capt.)	E. Denison
M. Young	C. Wesson	K. Rotan
H. Schmidt	C. Goodale	S. Allinson
L. Hyman	J. Doe	E. Walker
M. Plaisted	E. Holt	M. Worthington

Scores

November 11—Vs. 1909, won by 1908, score 6-2.
 November 13—Vs. 1909, won by 1908, score 4-2.
 November 19—Vs. 1910, tie, 3-3.
 November 25—Vs. 1910, won by 1908, score 4-2.
 December 11—Vs. 1910, won by 1908, score 4-3.

Basket-Ball

1908 vs. 1909.

1908	1909
Plaisted (Copeland)	Belleville
Morris	Smith
Richter	Crane
Young	Platt
Hyman	Wesson
Cadbury	Ecob
Sharpless	Holt
Washburn	Allen
Chambers	Watson

First game, May 4th—Score, 17-6 in favor of 1908.
 Second game, May 6th—Score, 16-13 in favor of 1908.
 Finals with 1910—May 13th, 6-3 in favor of 1908; May 16th,
 13-2 in favor of 1908.





Varsity Hockey

Senior Year

L. Sharpless (Capt.)	M. Nearing
T. Helburn	M. Copeland
M. Kirk	M. Young
J. Morris	H. Schmidt
M. Washburn	M. Plaisted
H. Cadbury	

Subs. from 1908: Griffith, Hyman.

Scores

November	2—Bryn Mawr vs. Moorestown, won by Bryn Mawr, 9-1.
November	8—Bryn Mawr vs. Belmont, won by Bryn Mawr, 9-4.
November	16—Bryn Mawr vs. Merion, tie, 2-2.
December	2—Bryn Mawr vs. Philadelphia, won by Bryn Mawr, 2-1.

Varsity Basketball

Game played June 3d.

Morris
Belleville
Plaisted (Capt.)
Young
Cadbury
Wesson
Sharpless
Washburn
Kingsbacher

Won by the Varsity, 6-4.



Calendar of Senior Year

October 18—Reception to 1911.
October 26—First French Oral.
November 2—First German Oral.
November 2, 8—Varsity Hockey.
November 11, 13—Preliminary Class Hockey Games.
November 14—First Class Tea.
December 9, 11—Final Class Hockey Games.
February 28—Debate with 1909.
March 20—Announcement of European Fellowship.
April 6—First Senior Singing on Taylor Steps.
April 11—Bataille des Dames.
April 28—First President's Reception.
May 1—May Day Celebration.
May 1—Announcement of Graduate Scholarships and Prizes.
May 2—Concert by Glee and Mandolin Clubs.
May 6-16—Class Basket-ball.
May 9—Last Oral and Hoop-rolling.
May 9—"The Importance of Being Earnest."
May 15—Junior-Senior Supper.
May 16—Visit of Peace Conference.
May 18—Senior Day.
May 20-30—Finals.
May 31—Baccalaureate Sermon by Rev. Hugh Black.
June 1—Class Supper.
June 2—Senior Bonfire.
June 3—Varsity Basket-Ball.
June 3—College Breakfast.
June 3—Garden Party.
June 4—Conferring of Degrees.

Scholarships

- ETHEL BROOKS, City Scholarship 1904-07.
HELEN CADBURY, Foundation Scholarship 1904-06.
ELIZABETH CRAWFORD, Lower Merion High School Scholarship
1904-05, Maria Hopper Scholarship 1905-06.
MARGARET FRANKLIN, First Bryn Mawr Matriculation Scholarship
for Middle and Southern States 1901-02, Bryn Mawr School
Scholarship 1902-03, 1904-07.
MABEL FREHAFFER, City Scholarship 1904-07.
SARAH GOLDSMITH, City Scholarship 1904-07.
MARY A. KINSLEY, City Scholarship 1906-08.
MAYONE LEWIS, Trustees' Scholarship 1904, James E. Rhoads
Sophomore Scholarship.
C. FLORENCE LEXOW, Second Bryn Mawr Matriculation Scholarship
for the Middle and Southern States 1900-01.
LOUISE MILLIGAN, First Bryn Mawr Matriculation Scholarship for
the Western States.
MARGARET MORRIS, First Bryn Mawr Matriculation Scholarship for
the New England States.
HELEN V. NORTH, City Scholarship 1904-08.
MARTHA PLAISTED, Maria Hopper Scholarship 1905-06, Mary E.
Stevens Scholarship 1906-07.
ELEANOR RAMBO, City Scholarship 1904-08.
LOUISE ROBERTS, James E. Rhoads Junior Scholarship.
SARAH SANBORNE, Trustees' Scholarship 1904-08.
NELLIE SEEDS, City Scholarship 1904-08.
LYDIA SHARPLESS, Foundation Scholarship 1905-08.
LOUISE P. SMITH, Second Bryn Mawr Matriculation Scholarship for
New York, New Jersey and Delaware 1904-05, Maria Hopper
Scholarship 1905-06, Anna M. Powers Scholarship, and James
E. Rhoads Junior Scholarship 1906-07.
DOROTHY STRAUS, First Bryn Mawr Matriculation Scholarship for
New York, New Jersey and Delaware.
ANNA WELLES, Second Bryn Mawr Matriculation Scholarship for
the Middle and Southern States.

Class Addresses

- MELANIE G. ATHERTON, 36 West River Street, Wilkes Barre.
ETHEL BEGGS, 55 Hamilton Avenue, Columbus, O.
- X HELEN BERNHEIM ROTH (Mrs. Albert Roth), Wyndham Avenue,
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- X KATE H. BRYAN, 42 South Battery, Charleston, S. C.
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HELEN CADBURY, Haverford, Pa.
LOUISE CAREY, Evergreen, W. North Avenue, Baltimore.
LUCY R. CARNER, 300 E. Market Street, York, Pa.
ANNA MERVEN CARRERE, White Plains, N. Y.
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MARY CUSHING CASE, 309 W. 91st St., New York.
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X MARGARET FERGUSON CHAMBERS, 18 W. Franklin St., Baltimore, Md.
MARY COCKRELL, 471 Gaston Ave., Dallas, Tex.
X LOUISE CONGDON, 1427 Judson Ave., Evanston, Ill.
MARGARET BOYD COPELAND, Winnetka, Ill.
ELIZABETH LONG CRAWFORD, West Conshohocken, Pa.
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ADDA ELDREDGE, Marquette, Mich.
MYRA ELLIOT, 2107 Pine St., Philadelphia.
MADELEINE MAUS FAUVRE, 28 W. North St., Indianapolis, Ind.
LOUISE FOLEY, 236 Summit Ave., St. Paul, Minn.
ELIZABETH ANDROS FOSTER, Glendale Road, Sharon, Mass.
EMILY READ FOX, Logan Station, Philadelphia, Pa.

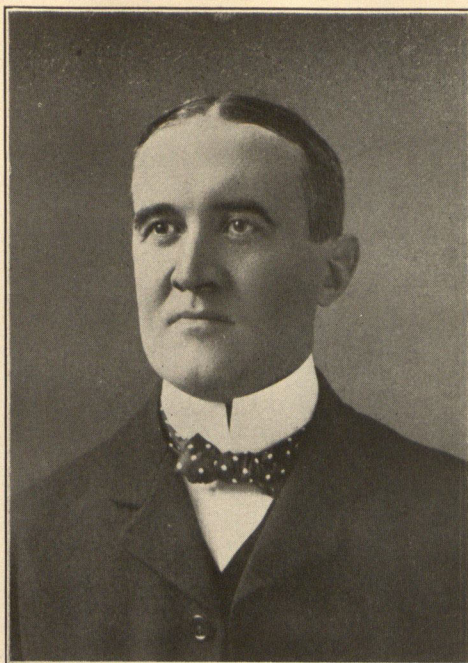
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 EVELYN DUNN GARDNER, 2402 Avenue I, Galveston, Tex.
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 EMILY HOYT, 424 School Lane, Germantown, Pa.
 LOUISE HYMAN, 49 W. 56th St., New York.
 ANNE WARREN JACKSON, 1301 Market St., Wilmington, Del.
 -X MARGUERITE JACOBS HORN (Rev. Mrs. William Horn), Mt. Airy, Pa.
 DOROTHY MAY JONES, 138 S. Main Ave., Scranton, Pa.
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 X MARY ANDERSON KINSLEY, 5916 Master St., Philadelphia.
 MARGARET CHARLTON LEWIS, 44 Highland St., New Haven, Conn.
 MAYONE LEWIS, 4324 Pine St., Philadelphia.
 -X FRANCES CRANE LEATHERBEE (Mrs. Robert Leatherbee), West New-
 ton, Mass.
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 ROSE GUTHRIE MARSH, Woodland Road, Pittsburgh, Pa.
 MARGARET RYERSON MAYNARD, 84 S. Broadway, Nyack, N. Y.
 X CAROLINE ALEXANDER MCCOOK, 10 W. 54th St., New York.
 VIRGINIA SPOTSWOOD MCKENNEY, 19 Union St., Petersburg, Va.
 X HAZEL ALLEN McLANE, Milford, N. H.
 X DOROTHY MERLE-SMITH, 29 W. 54th St., New York.
 LOUISE MILLIGAN, 1409 N. Delaware St., Indianapolis, Ind.
 -X RACHEL BIGELOW MOORE, 50 Prospect St., Somersworth, N. H.
 X JACQUELINE PASCAL MORRIS, 1619 Arch St., Philadelphia.
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 TRACY DICKINSON MYGATT, 507 W. 138th St., New York.
 STELLA NATHAN, 3217 Clifford St., Philadelphia.

- ✕ HELEN VIRGINIA NORTH, 1625 S. Broad St., Philadelphia.
 ✕ NELLIE SEEDS NEARING (Mrs. Scott Nearing), 5222 Laurens St.,
 Germantown, Pa.
 FRANCES PASSMORE, 410 Clifton Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.
 ✕ MARTHA PLAISTED, Sweet Briar, Va.
 MARGARET WYCLIFFE PRESTON, 200 Market St., Lexington, Ky.
 ✕ JOSEPHINE VOORHEES PROUDFIT, 113 West Washington Ave., Madi-
 son, Wis.
 ✕ ISABELLA MAY PYFER (Mrs. Pyfer), Norristown, Pa.
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 SARAH MINIER SANBORNE, Hamilton Court, Philadelphia.
 ✕ ETHELINDA FLORENCE SCHAEFFER, Box 187, Honolulu, Hawaiian *Castle*
 Islands.
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 ✕ CAROLINE FRANCK SCHOCK, Mt. Joy, Pa.
 ✕ LYDIA TRIMBLE SHARPLESS, Haverford, Pa.
 HELEN SHERBERT, 1800 N. Calvert St., Baltimore, Md.
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 DOROTHY STRAUS, care Philip Straus, 11 S. Williams St., New York.
 UTA SUZUKI, 16 Gobau Cho, Kojimachi, Tokio, Japan.
 ELEANOR VALLELY, 3452 S. Flower St., Los Angeles, Cal.
 ETHEL PHILLIPS VICK, Bristol, Pa.
 MARGARET VILAS, Madison, Wis.
 LURENA GROESBECK WALLACE, Narberth, Pa.
 ✕ MARJORIE NEWTON WALLACE, 140 Raymond Ave., South Orange,
 N. J.
 MARY KIRK WALLER, Auvergne, River Forest, Ill.
 ANNE GARRETT WALTON, Media, Pa.
 MARGARET WASHBURN, 2218 First Ave., South, Minneapolis, Minn.
 ANNA WELLES, 92 Ave. Henri Martin, Paris, France.
 ✕ HAZEL COOPER WHITELAW, 2536 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.
 FANNY MAY WITHERSPOON, Meridian, Miss.
 BLANCHE WOLF, 1607 N. Broad St., Philadelphia.
 GRACE ADELINE WOODLETON, 307 W. 93d St., New York.
 MARJORIE YOUNG, 294 Ashmont St., Boston, Mass.





GEORGE A. BARTON.



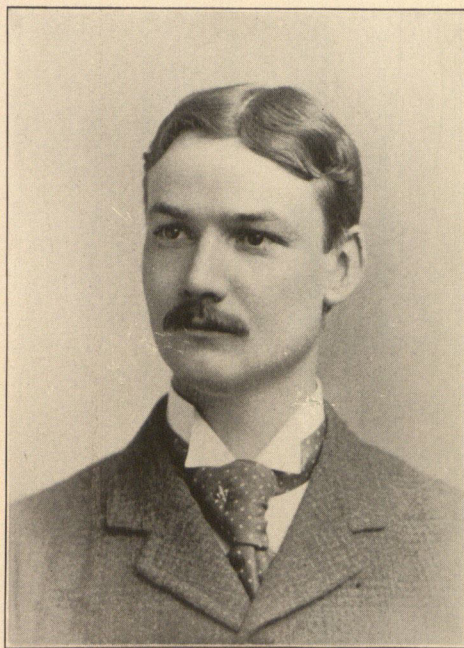
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JOSEPH W. WARREN.



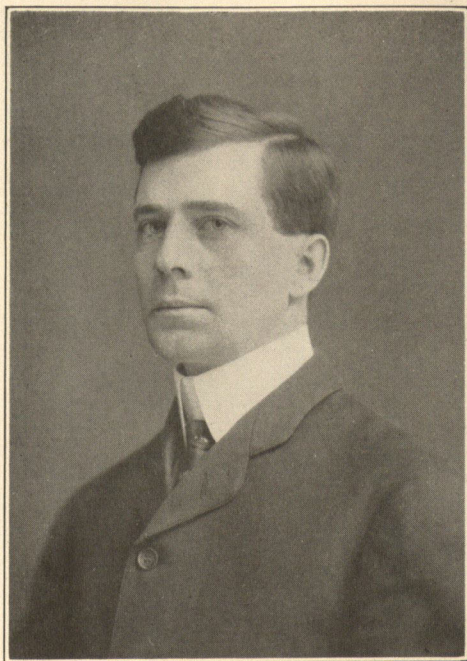
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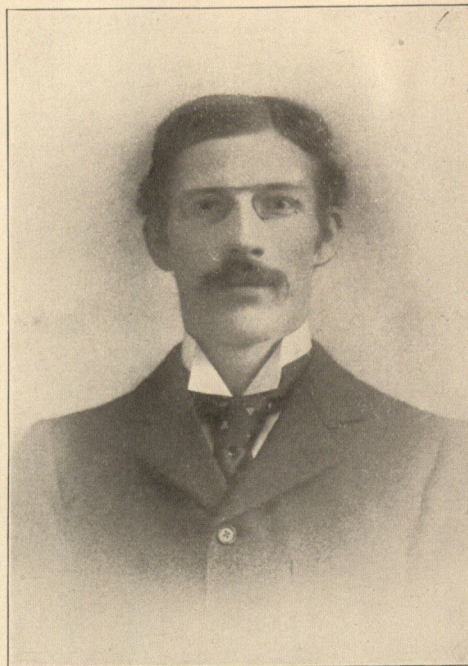
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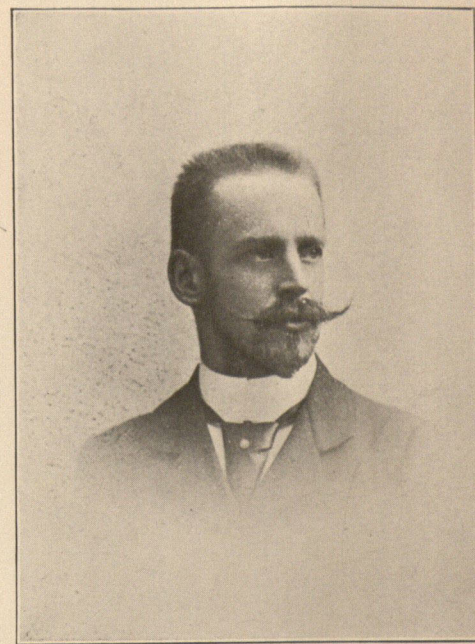
ANNA BELLE LAWTHOR.



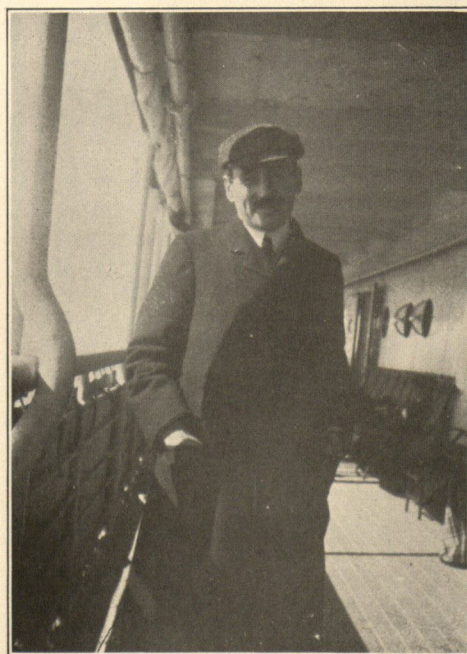
DAVID TENNANT.



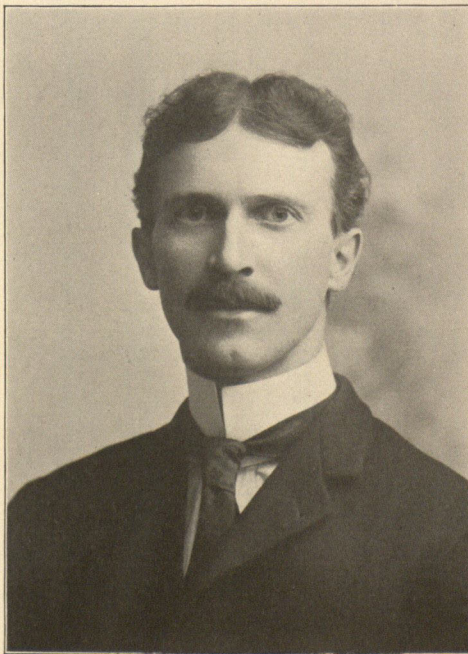
LUCIEN FOULET.



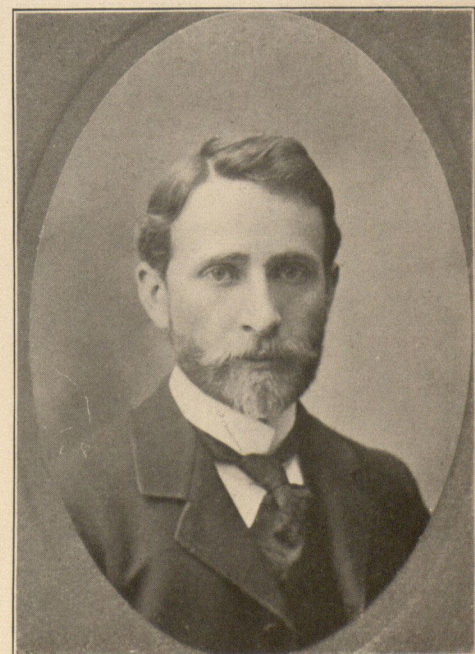
ALBERT SCHINZ.



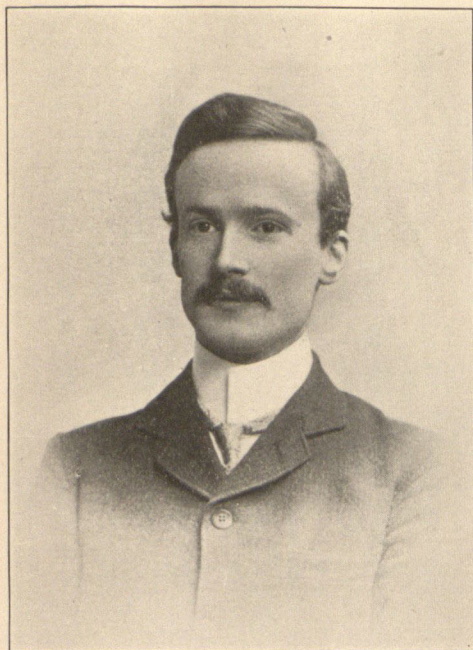
DAVID IRONS.



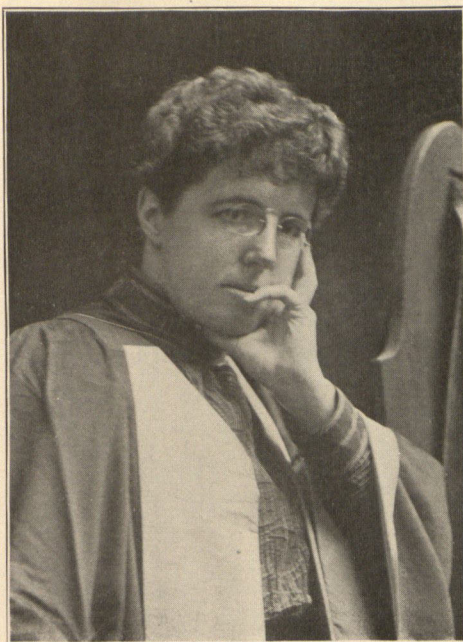
GEORGE W. T. WHITNEY.



JAMES H. LEUBA.



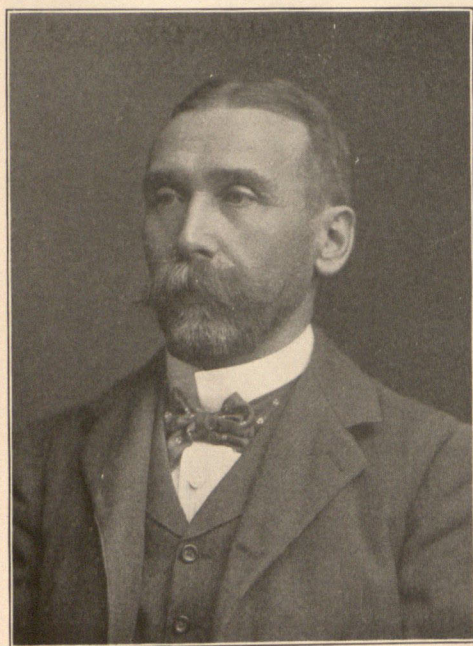
JOSEPH WRIGHT.



CHARLOTTE A. SCOTT.



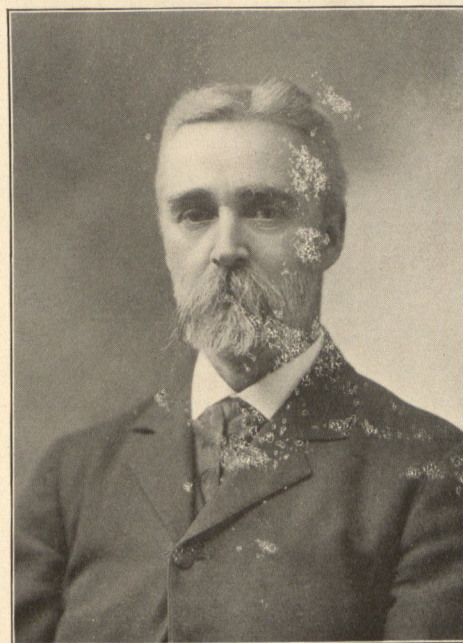
WILMER FRANCE WRIGHT.



HERMANN COLLITZ.



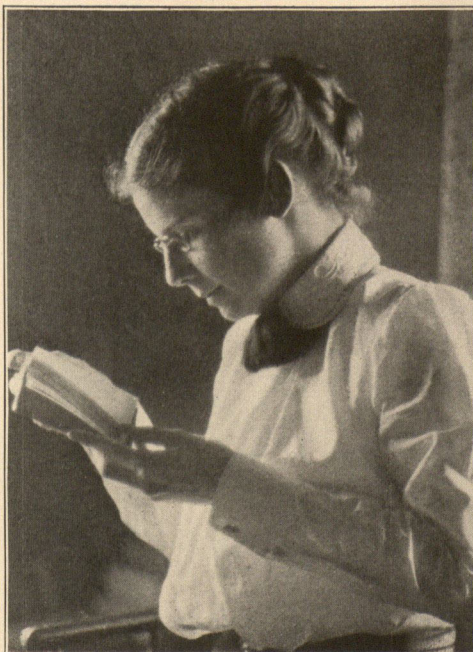
CARL JESSEN.



CLARENCE ASHLEY.



HELEN STRONG HOYT.



LUCY MARTIN DONNELLY.



CLARENCE CARROLL CLARK.



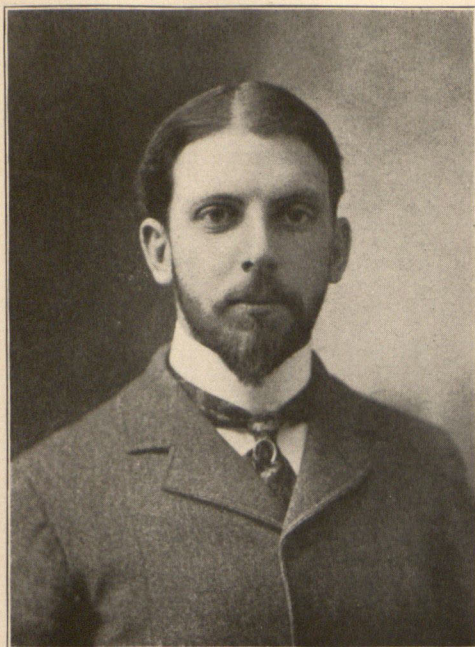
SAMUEL ARTHUR KING.



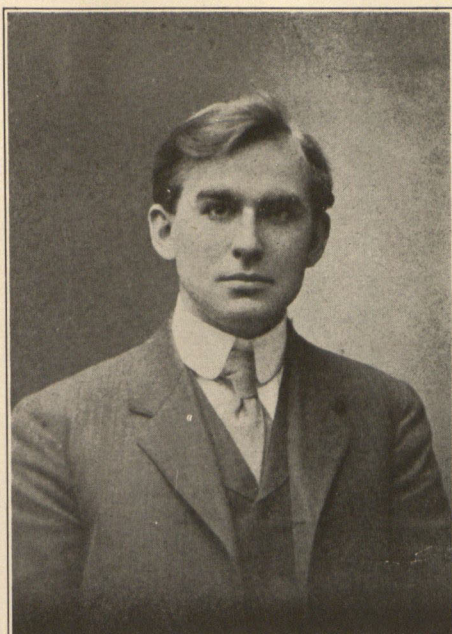
FLORENCE BASCOM.



BENJAMIN LE ROY MILLER.



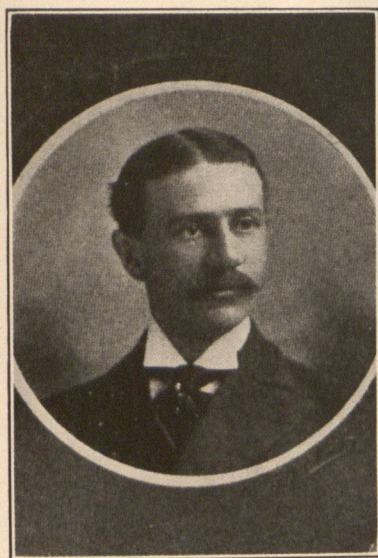
ARTHUR LESLIE WHEELER.



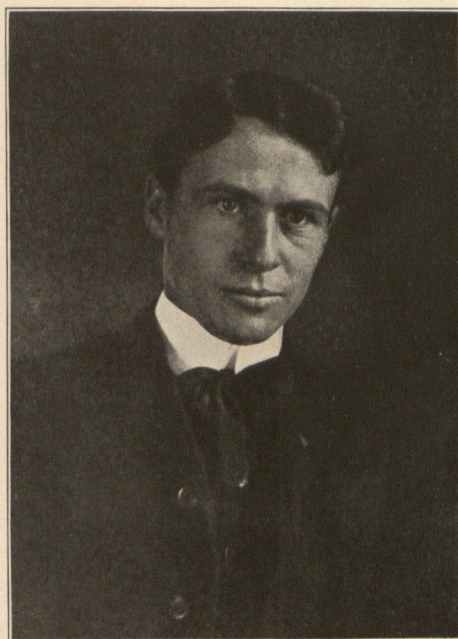
TENNEY FRANK.



CAROLINE LOUISE RANSOM.



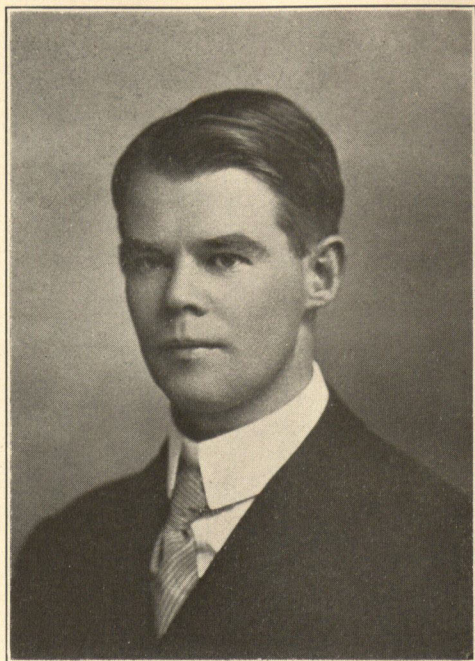
LINDLEY MURRAY KEASBY.



HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY.



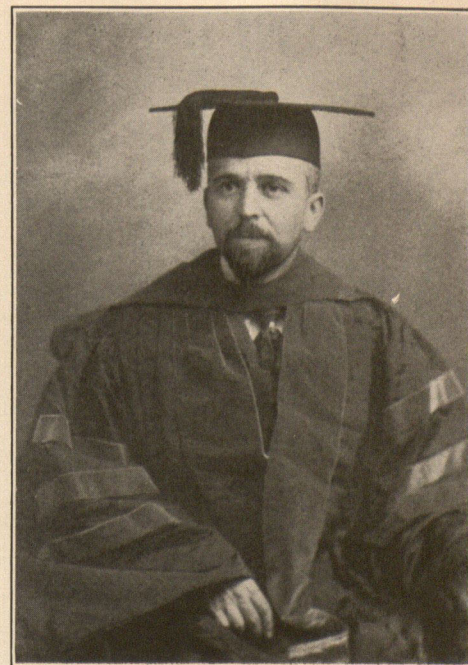
W. ROY SMITH.



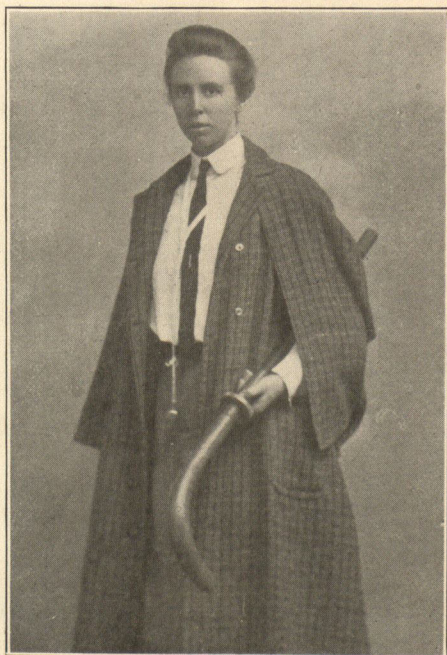
JAMES BARNES.



DAVID W. HORN.



RICHARD THAYER HOLBROOK.



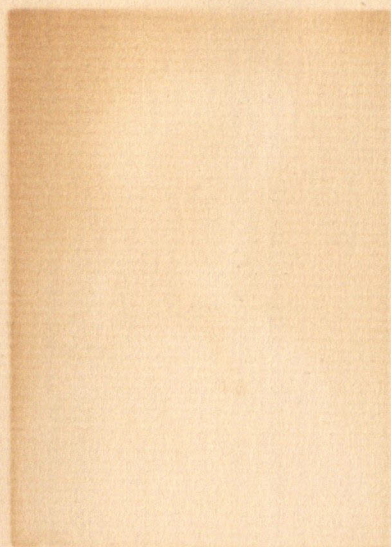
CONSTANCE M. K. APPLEBEE.



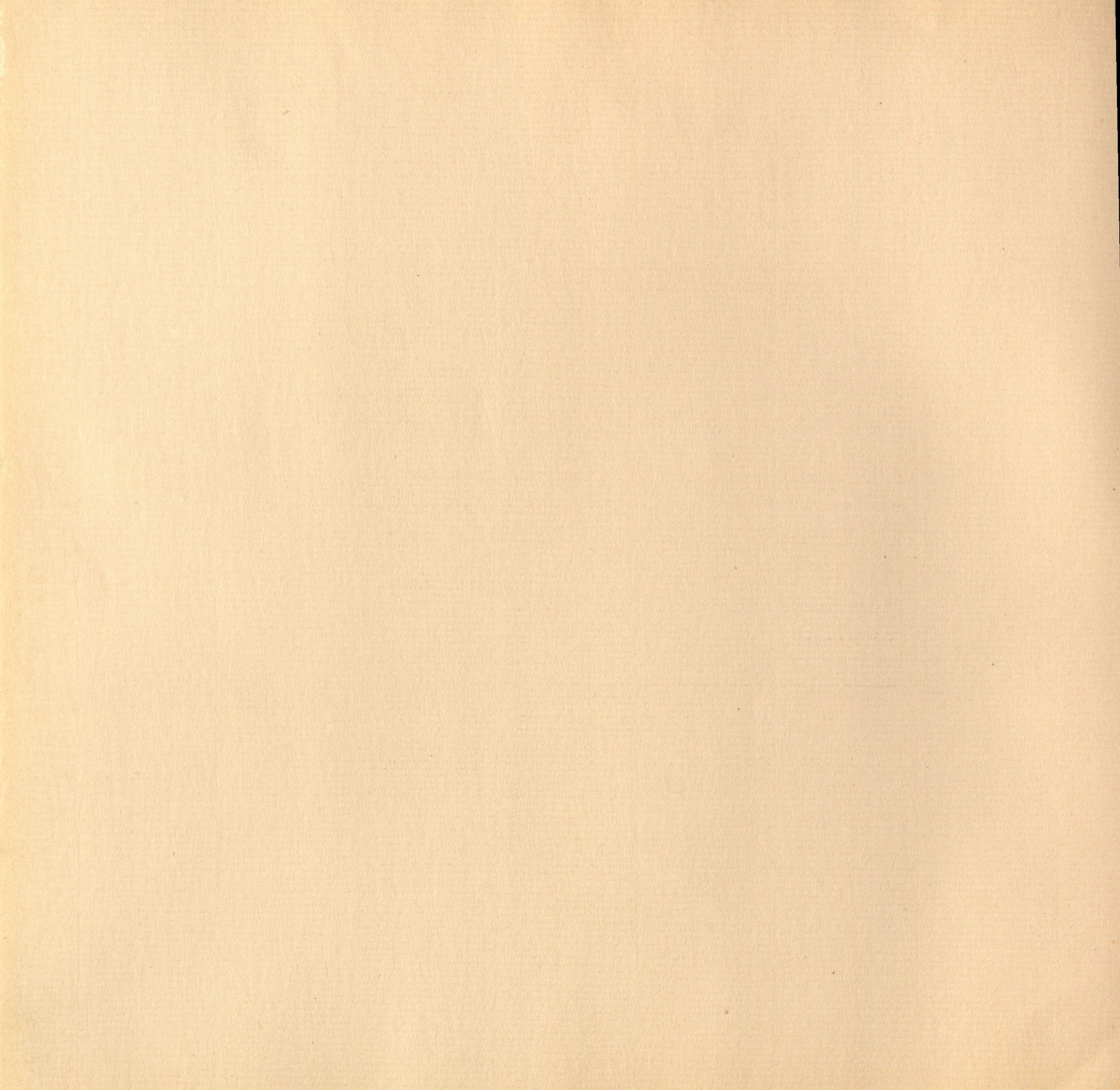
MARIAN REILLY.











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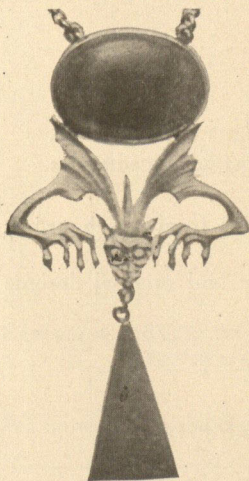
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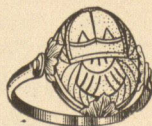
Chinese Seal Ring
Good Luck—Long Life



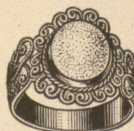
Chinese Floral Ring.
Set with Jade, Coral, Turquoise Matrix, Pearl, Lapis Lazuli, Opal, Etc.



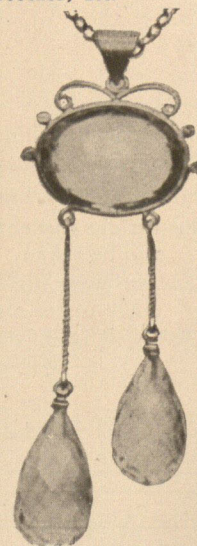
Chinese Floral Ring.
Set with Jade, Coral, Turquoise, Lapis Lazuli, Opal, Etc.



Egyptian Pivot Ring.
Set with Lapis Scarab, Topaz Scarab, Amethyst Scarab, Amazonite Scarab.



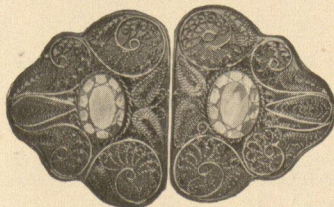
Roman Filigree Ring.
Set with Coral, Jade, Turquoise, Lapis Lazuli, Etc.



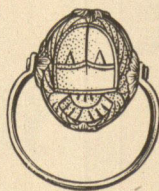
Silver Pendant. Set with Topaz, Amethyst, Etc.



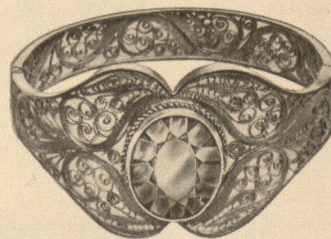
Egyptian Pivot Ring
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Another view of
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Ring.



Hand Made Filigree Bracelet.
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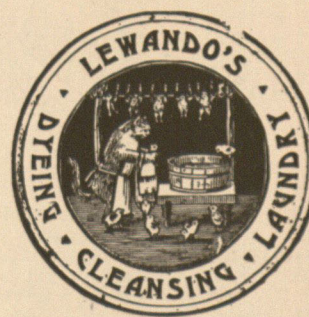
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